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THE Fruits of Victory in the Ruhr: Germany stops all reparations payments; France, in addition to paying the higher cost of a larger army, agrees to pay for all the Ruhr coal, announces a new currency for use in the Ruhr, and plans to import food for the Ruhr miners; and the mark and the franc go down, down, down. When 1920 opened, 49.5 marks were worth a dollar; 1921, 75; 1922, 188; by January 1, 1923, when the French invasion of the Ruhr was already in the air, the mark had fallen to 7,040 to the dollar; by January 11, when the French occupied Essen, to 10,500; by January 15, when the French troops marched into Bochum, to 16,000—a million marks for $62. Meanwhile a frenzied effort was being made to keep the French franc "pegged." But it too is falling, and must fall. Thus the French are establishing a new rule in human relations: To make your debtor pay, first ruin him and drive him to despair.

THE much-heralded campaign to bring the United States into the League of Nations was opened by a dinner in New York City on January 10, at which the chief address was delivered by Justice John H. Clarke, who resigned from the Supreme Court to help the League. Mr. Clarke made a careful and reasoned argument on behalf of his assertion that the only alternative to "a black abyss of war and hatred" is the League of Nations. He indulged in no flights of oratory and in no emotional efforts to convince. But we cannot share his cheerful optimism that the campaign upon which he has entered will be a short one. On the contrary, it was an unhappy omen for the launching of the new movement that our ally the French entered the Ruhr upon almost the same day. For that has intensified tremendously the feeling of the bulk of the American people that we want to keep out of Europe and wash our hands of the whole miserable business. They do not forget that France is one of the nations which dominate the League. Moreover, the failure of the League even to offer its good services to prevent this aggression upon Germany is clear enough evidence of its futility and helplessness as at present constituted.

HOWEVER one may feel about the League, every intelligent observer of what is happening knows that the conduct of our foreign affairs verges on the scandalous. If Mr. Harding were to take up any position and hold to it, he would be respected. The trouble is that there is no policy and that the chances are that a position taken on one day will be reversed or denied the next. More than that, there is no coordination between the State Department and the Executive. What Mr. Harding tells the correspondents at the White House is likely to be the opposite of what the Secretary of State says the next day or has said the day before. Thus the President and Mr. Hughes were not of one mind as to what was actually proposed to the French Government in the matter of reparations. Mr. Hughes's New Haven speech was published December 30; it called for a business men's conference to settle the question of German debts. But the White House had announced on December 29 that if any conference was held abroad at our suggestion it would be entirely governmental! This recalls—it is one of several incidents to recall—the conflict between the Secretary and the President at the Arms Conference last winter as to whether the Four-Power Treaty covered the main islands of Japan or not. It is no wonder that some Senators who are thinking about the desperate European situation are afraid to urge an international conference because of their conviction that Messrs. Hughes, Hoover, and Harding would botch it. When one thinks of the Republican criticisms of Wilsonian inefficiency and incapacity, and their boast that *they* were going to put our foreign policy into the hands of capable men, there is ground only for ribald laughter and unhallowed mockery, except that it is profoundly humiliating to the country.

THE development of our country along militaristic lines because of the war is very clearly brought out by the Army Appropriation Bill as reported to the House by its Committee on Military Affairs. The committee boasts that never before in the history of the country has it had in peace time so great military power, or possessed such military resources in men and material. The enlisted strength in the army is 25 per cent greater than before the

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war to end war and safeguard democracy; our regular officers are twice as many, so that the War Department is hard put to it to find useful employment for them. The National Guard is 100 per cent larger and will soon be 115 per cent larger. There are no less than 69,000 reserve officers who are now organizing to save us from the crime of unpreparedness, and 110,000 students being drilled in schools and colleges, while 22,000 civilians were trained in the summer camps last year. And still our generals are stumping the country demanding more and more! The bill carries with it an appropriation for $314,064,294 for the military and non-military activity of the War Department. We trust it will not emerge from House or Senate without provision for mustering out 5,000 officers, and cutting appropriations by at least $150,000,000.

WHILE the sickening details of lynching and massacre, riot and burning, fill the columns of the press in the big cities, a continual process of petty violence goes on virtually unrecorded all over the South. Only when a local county paper falls into our hands do we learn of the persecution by "masked riders" of inoffensive citizens in small towns and country places, persecution which goes on unpunished and usually undetected. In one recent issue of the Horry (Co.) *Herald,* North Carolina, a story appeared "concerning the activities of a secret order recently organized in that county." Among the reported activities during one week of "white-robed bands said to indicate the Ku Klux Klan" were the following:

> Mace Horn, ears clipped, made to tell what he knows of Bailey shooting and Grainger whiskey case.
>
> G. B. Shelly, taken to a graveyard and made to kneel beside his mother's grave. After measuring him and saying prayers, he is warned against drinking, reckless driving, shooting, the use of profane and vulgar language, and the mistreatment of his wife.
>
> J. C. Grainger, warned by a letter to change his way of living.
>
> E. B. Sarvis, warned by means of a letter to attend Sunday school, etc.
>
> J. D. Anderson, ordered to limit amount of meal ground each Saturday at his mill.

There is humor in the demands of these masked moralists, but there is little humor in their methods. Men may no longer have a right to beat their wives or to swear in public, but they should be allowed to answer for their sins before a court of law and not before a band of county roughs dressed in nightgowns.

"THE Bursum bill is dead; long live the Snyder bill!" The Bursum Indian Land Bill, passed by the Senate, was recalled from the House on motion of Senator Borah, who stated that it had been passed under a misapprehension of its true meaning. Almost immediately the same measure, under the name of Representative Snyder but smelling no sweeter than in its first incarnation, appeared in the House. The only important change was a sanctimonious introduction asserting that one of the purposes of the measure was to preserve the "ancient customs, rites, and tribal ceremonies" of the Pueblos; even the stony-faced chieftains have seen fit to smile at this. Well, the Snyder bill must not pass. Along with the Bursum bill and the spiritual father of both —ex-Secretary Fall—it must retire from public life. A deputation of Indians is now in Washington bearing protests against the measure from all the Pueblos, and the sentiment aroused in connection with the Bursum bill is being directed against this latest menace. Meanwhile a new measure, carefully drawn to protect settlers' rights and the Indians as well, sponsored by Senator Jones of New Mexico, has been prepared for presentation as soon as the other bills are out of the way. The Albuquerque *Herald,* formerly in favor of the Bursum bill, has turned in its tracks and is opposing the Snyder measure; even the Albuquerque Rotary Club has adopted a resolution opposing the Bursum provisions and supporting the Jones bill. All of which is due to the untiring efforts of a few independent friends of the Indians.

RIOTING and bloodshed are the violent by-products of vicious political or social conditions. They will never be cured or prevented by killing off a few of the men responsible. England should have learned that in Ireland; General Smuts's Government is in a fair way to learn it in South Africa; and in time the Government of India will learn it too—unless through its own stupidity it is smashed to pieces before wisdom has been able to force its way through the official skull. Just at a time when the Indian Moslems had issued an ultimatum threatening a general civil-disobedience campaign and military aid to Turkey if war with Britain should come; just when the Indian National Congress had resolved on a continuation of civil disobedience and political abstention as its policy; apparently in cynical disregard of these portents, a court-martial imposed a sentence of death on 172 Indians involved in the fatal riot at Chauri-Chaura last year. If the sentence is carried out what will it accomplish? Well, if political precedents are good for anything, it will strengthen the left wing of the Nationalist movement—its Sinn Feiners—and tend to lessen the opposition of the considerable group which has formed a separate party with the purpose of modifying the opposition of the Congress to voting in government elections. It will turn the attention of the Moslem groups to conditions in India and tend to strengthen the weakening tie between them and their Hindu brothers. Such will be the local results of these wholesale executions if they are permitted to take place. The world at large will be further disheartened by a new example of the incapacity of British military officialdom.

MEMEL was a peaceful little village of fishermen, with a small trade as a lumber port, before the Peace of Versailles forced notoriety and French troops upon it. It was at the uttermost northeastern corner of Germany; the village was German, but the farmers in the hinterland spoke Lithuanian. In their infinite wisdom the Allies sliced Memel, together with a strip of land just big enough to include the Niemen River and the railroad line to Riga, from Germany. They intended to give it to the young Lithuanian republic, but Lithuania rashly made peace with Soviet Russia, and thereby changed the minds of the Allied statesmen. They would not, of course, give Memel back to Germany; and they did not dare give it to Poland, as they would have liked. So the Treaty of Versailles provided simply that Germany should renounce her rights in favor of "the principal Allied and Associated Powers." Memel was cut off from the rest of the world by geographical and tariff frontiers, and was forgotten; her lumber trade died and her fishing industry languished. The two hundred French soldiers quartered there behaved well enough; they had nothing to do but fish and they fished in peace, as

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fishermen should. Now suddenly the world hears of Memel because a force of Lithuanian imitators of D'Annunzio and Zellgowski has seized little Memel; the French soldiers have turned from fishing to trench-digging and fighting; and Allied warships are rushing to Memel. It never occurs to any statesman to think of the poor fisher-folk of Memel.

ALEXANDRE RIBOT was five times Prime Minister of France and minister in eleven different Cabinets, sometimes of Foreign Affairs, sometimes of Justice, of Finance, or of the Interior. Only Aristide Briand among the statesmen of the Third Republic rivaled him in the repetition and variety of his service, and Ribot held one record which even Briand cannot rival. After Poincaré's election as President in 1914 his friends of the Right attempted to make Ribot Prime Minister, but the Chamber ousted him after just three hours in office. Ribot was of a generation of statesmen of which France has no reason to be proud. He belongs to the pre-Dreyfus period when the French Republic was at its low ebb; he was, in the early nineties, one of the chief founders of the unholy alliance between republican France and Czarist Russia. For nearly twenty years his record kept him out of office; only the political truce and the growing reaction of war time brought him back—just in time to stop the Prince Sixtus negotiations and put an end to the hope of a compromise peace in 1917. *De mortuis nil nisi—veritas.*

PRESIDENT Emeritus Eliot of Harvard has a gift for saying a great deal in a few words. "I am opposed," he says, "to every form of racial discrimination in the universities of our heterogeneous democracy. Any such discrimination would violate very precious Harvard traditions." That is all that need be said. There is but one thing to be said for President Lowell. He does not, like some other college presidents, conceal his desires and intentions; he has made plain to all the world that he bars Negroes from the compulsory freshman dormitories and that he would like to limit the proportion of Jews at Harvard. Such policies, however, are pitifully second-rate. As the New York *World* put it, "Harvard, with the prejudices of a summer hotel, Harvard, with the standards of a country club, is not the Harvard of her greatest sons. It is not the Harvard of Eliot or Emerson or William James." The *World* might have added "or the Harvard of Robert Gould Shaw," every one of whose surviving classmates signed the appeal to which President Lowell turned so cold an ear, or the Harvard which has rightly been proud to count among its sons W. E. B. DuBois, Robert H. Terrell, Archibald H. Grimké, William H. Lewis, Roscoe C. Bruce, Leslie P. Hill, and other colored men who have served their country and their race. We cannot believe that Harvard graduates will be deaf to the appeal of their greatest president. An unprejudiced man of letters, reading the correspondence between President Lowell and Roscoe Bruce, whose son is barred from the freshman halls at Harvard, might well conclude, judging by literary style and breadth of spirit, that the colored man would make the better president.

PRINCETON University, it is reported, is going to follow the example of Yale and produce a *Princeton Review*. That is good news, but if it would equal the *Yale Review* under the editorship of Professor Wilbur L. Cross it will have to do well, indeed. That publication has become more and more valuable. In *Foreign Affairs*, the new quarterly to deal with international problems, we have a venture which can be made of great use if, under the editorship of Archibald Cary Coolidge, of Harvard, it is kept free from any bias, and its foreign collaborators are chosen with discrimination. Unfortunately, it started wrongly by filching its name from the admirable *Foreign Affairs* of E. D. Morel, M.P.—despite protests, we are told. That the *Century Magazine*, under its new editorship, is making rapid progress, is known to the journalistic fraternity, and it will soon be recognized, we trust, by the public at large. Finally, we would welcome an admirable new venture in the South, the *Journal of Social Forces*, edited by a group of North Carolina professors, with Professor Howard W. Odum, one of the most progressive and outspoken of the younger Southerners, as managing editor. Nowhere more than in the South is there need of such a publication. If it can succeed it will go far to answer the charge that literary work and high-grade journalism are impossible under the present condition of intellectual thraldom in the South.

IT is with no little satisfaction that we announce to our readers the accession to our staff of Mr. William Hard as Washington representative of *The Nation*. In the words of the conventional toastmaster we might say that he needs no introduction to the members of *The Nation* family. His gifted pen has served well more than one journal of opinion and progress, while to our minds the letters he has recently contributed to a group of newspapers have been the most intelligent and illuminating correspondence sent out from Washington. He combines with an extraordinary range of friendships and a deep-rooted liberalism unusual knowledge of American political conditions. Through his pen we hope to give our readers as detailed an account of the progress of events in Washington, in both the camps, as our space permits. We can at least assure our readers that when Mr. Hard writes he writes by the book, and that he will interpret faithfully and inspiringly the reform movement at the nation's capital.

All women appointed hereafter . . . shall be required to resign their appointments on marriage . . . [except] women whose husbands are totally or permanently incapacitated from supporting them or . . . who are deserted by their husbands. . . . —*Recommendation of the London County Council Education Committee.*

I FELL in love with William,
To William I belong,
But O, how can I wed him?
William is well and strong.

He hasn't diabetes,
Dropsy, nor heart disease.
He doesn't shake with palsy,
He doesn't cough nor wheeze.

He has a slight coryza
When winter winds are fell,
But still, without a thought of me,
He carelessly gets well.

O William, if you love me—
And yet will not be sick—
Wed me, my cruel William
And then desert me quick.

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"Utterly Brutal and Insane"

WE are indebted to Senator Borah for this title. We take it from a dispatch he has sent to the London *Daily News*. He does not apply it only to the French invasion of the Ruhr, but to all of Europe's "militaristic and imperialistic policies since the armistice." In speaking of the latest French aggression in the Ruhr he declares, however, that it "paralyzes all the best hopes of the American people." Unfortunately, it does more than that; it paralyzes the hopes for an early restoration of Europe. It condemns untold numbers to death by slow starvation and misery. If it is not checked it will undermine the very fabric of civilization in Europe. It stamps again upon the American ideals in the war and by that much more makes the war unsuccessful for America whose dead on French soil certainly died for no such purpose as this. It *is* utterly brutal because it is based neither upon right nor justice but merely upon naked force. It is cowardly beyond words because it is not only hitting a man who is down but one who is down and bound and gagged.

Of course, this ghastly move will have no such result as the French desire. It will yield them no such sums as they believe. It will rouse in the German people the bitterest hatred, of which there was not a trace in 1919, and probably make impossible any such non-aggression pact as the German Chancellor recently offered to France. It puts off indefinitely any reconciliation of these two great peoples. More than that, it drives a deep wedge between Britain and France. For all the obeisances and expressions of good-will voiced by Bonar Law and Poincaré, it can only inflame the growing hatred and bitterness between France and England, whose divergent commercial and economic aims are now brought into sharpest conflict. But even more deplorable than that is the fact that this aggression strikes a deadly blow at that wonderful reservoir of good-will and affection which was accumulated here by the comradeship of the war, by the profound sympathy of the American people for the undeserved suffering and torture which the French people bore so heroically. Were it not for the immediate human misery which this monstrous act of the mad French Government will cause, we should be tempted to say that this destruction of moral values is worse than the material losses. In the long run it will be. One people cannot lose faith in another people to which they had given such warm enthusiasm, such unqualified faith and support, without becoming suspicious and cynical. More than that, nothing could be worse for the morale of the entire world than to have the French move succeed. Just when the world should be struggling as never before to throw off the thraldom of force, striving to substitute the rule of reason and of good-will, the teachings of the Savior, for the abomination of war and the rule of the "larger battalions," the French are undertaking to prove again that Bismarck's policies were the correct ones, that it is only the mailed fist which counts, that the end justifies the means, that if you have the power you may do anything you please, that you may debase your soul for temporal advantage.

Where American public opinion will stand we have no question. The very fact that the New York *Times* and *Tribune* support the move proves that the heart and soul of America will not be with the French. Senator King is right when he declares that "sympathy will now be given to Germany. France's course psychologically is a blunder." Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska, Senators Walsh and Wheeler of Montana, Senator Williams of Mississippi, are alike in reprobating the action of France. John Sharp Williams, bitterly anti-German, declares that "France has hurt her own cause and that of her Allies and associates in the World War, and that of peace and good-will among men at this time. She has helped nobody on earth, unless possibly the Russian Soviets and their dream of sovietizing Germany." Senator Hitchcock sees clearly that this short-sighted, violent adventure of militarism has not only deprived France of moral support, but that she herself will "be one of the worst sufferers of her desperate policy." When one considers that France is a petitioner at the doors of Congress for the remission of her debt to the United States and for permission to delay her interest payments thereon, the folly and stupidity of Poincaré's policy become perfectly apparent. What would she say if we decided to use our fleet to compel the payment of the moneys she owes us by a pacific blockade of her ports?

Can any additional sums that France succeeds in wringing from Germany by this act offset the huge cost of the occupation, of the additional troops she now needs to occupy the Ruhr and to take the place of the American troops now returning to their home posts? No. American sympathy has always been with the under-dog. Our whole tradition and history disposes us to generosity toward the beaten foe. We cannot forget the magnanimity accorded to the South in 1865, not only by Grant personally at Appomattox, but by the Government itself. We know that where force was used in the reconstruction of the South it produced only harm and lasting bitterness and discord.

No, the moral opinion of the world will henceforth be solidly arrayed against France. There is no doubt where the workers of the world will stand. One of the most powerful bodies on earth, the International Trade Union Congress, has just voted unanimously at the Hague against further French occupation of Germany, no matter what the excuse. British labor has been heard from. It characterizes the French advance as an act of war and makes these six demands upon the British Government: that it refrain from all support or cooperation with the French and dissociate itself by formal declaration; share no profit from the enterprise, move for the withdrawal of all armies from Germany, support the United States's plan for impartial judges, and refer the whole problem to the League of Nations. It must now frankly be said that if the French people allow their Government to continue this policy which they have taken from the precedents of Napoleon and Bismarck, it will be necessary to organize the opinion of the world against them as it was necessary to organize it against Germany in 1914. That America should take the lead in this goes without saying. Unfortunately, the Government of the United States has never been so headless, so ineffective, so totally without leadership as under the rule of Messrs. Harding, Hoover, and Hughes. That makes it all the more incumbent upon public men, the press, and individuals in America who realize the menace to the world to speak out unqualifiedly and unhesitatingly that France may know of her complete moral isolation.

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Senator Norris's "Socialism"

OF all the measures which have been put forward to help the poor farmer—who grows noticeably more militant in his poverty as the days go by—none has been so completely frowned upon by the pillars of normalcy as the Norris bill. The recent extended debate on this measure afforded us the gratifying spectacle of advocates of government subsidies for ships, railroads, and banks denouncing Mr. Norris's proposals as the most "socialistic" agricultural program ever presented.

In the eyes of the Administration spokesmen who are also engaged in formulating a prescription for the ills of the farmer (through the appropriate agency of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency) the Norris bill was radically wrong. To these men the ideal remedy for the farmer is a remedy which halts the union now being cemented between the workers on the land and the workers in the city, a remedy appeasing the former while it does nothing to encourage the latter. The Norris bill, on the contrary, was specifically designed to "increase the price which the producer receives and decrease the price which the consumer pays." The essence of it was the proposal that the government itself step in between the producer and consumer, eliminating some of the costly processes which eat up the farmer's profits and the worker's wages, and stabilizing the great agricultural industry by stabilizing the marketing of its products. The government was not to have a monopoly of the distribution of food, but through its competition was to force efficiency and economy. The bill would have created the Farmers and Consumers Financing Corporation to be managed by a board of three directors appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. Capital stock, amounting to $100,000,000, was to be subscribed by the government. The corporation would have been empowered:

> To build, buy, lease, and operate elevators and storage warehouses; to buy agricultural products from any person or cooperative organization of producers within the United States, and to sell such products to any person or cooperative organization of consumers within the United States, and to any person or cooperative organization of consumers, or to any government or subdivision of government without the United States; to act as agent of any person or cooperative organization producing or dealing in agricultural products within the United States, in the sale of such products either within or without the United States; and to make advances for the purpose of assisting any person or cooperative organization in financing the sale, or exportation and sale, of such agricultural products, but in no case shall any of the money so advanced be expended without the United States. Every such advance, and any sale of such products made on time, shall be secured by adequate security of such character as shall be prescribed by the board of directors.

The measure had another provision of special interest in view of the pending ship-subsidy bill. This provision was thus explained by Senator Norris:

> It provides—and this has some relation to the ship-subsidy bill that we are seeking to displace—that to this corporation shall be turned over by the government any ship or ships that it owns, not chartered to any other corporation or not in use, with the provision that this corporation can use such ships as may be necessary in transporting the products it handles from this country to foreign ports without any compensation for the use of those ships except to keep them in repair and pay the expense of operation, and that in case of war, or when the President at any time believes there is danger of war, he shall notify the corporation, and the ships shall be immediately turned back without the payment of any money. This will enable the government to recuperate its merchant marine without any expense whatever.

Well, for the present, the Norris bill is dead. The ship-subsidy measure has been displaced by the Capper Farm Credits Bill which would extend the life of the War Finance Corporation and provide for the incorporation of various credit concerns with power to buy and distribute farm products. But no appropriation for the accomplishment of these ends is included in the bill. Senator Lenroot's measure, also awaiting consideration, would authorize the Treasury to advance $5,000,000 each to the twelve Federal land banks. Both of these proposals aim at easier credit facilities for the farmer; neither goes to the root of the problem of distribution and fair prices. More credit for the farmer is all very well but eventually mortgages or notes fall due, and as things stand the farmer has no cash with which to meet them because it has cost him more to produce his wheat, his corn, and his potatoes than he has realized by their sale. Both farmer and labor groups in Congress supported the Norris bill. The Farmers' National Council aided in its drafting and backed it vigorously. The Cleveland conference of progressives indorsed its passage. And then, when the vote came, the progressives found themselves alone. Republicans and Democrats discovered their fundamental intimacy and voted to substitute for the ship-subsidy bill the safe but ingratiating phrases of Senator Capper's measure. By this move the whole question of agricultural legislation is given over to the scant mercies of the Banking and Currency Committee.

Senator Norris had good authority for his "socialistic" bill, even though it antedated the Constitution:

> They shall build houses and inhabit them; they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build and another inhabit. They shall not plant and another eat.

But it takes party support rather than authorities or precedents to pass bills, and the vote against Senator Norris's measure was 53 to 19. We hope that this easy fusion against the first radical proposal of the progressive bloc need not be taken as an omen; but perhaps, after all, the chief function of the progressives may be not to pass legislation nor even to block legislation, but to show the country and the old parties that valid political differences have little relation to party names.

Who Is the Critic?

IT must have been some schoolman, in either the medieval or the modern sense, or else an angry philologist, who first established the dichotomy—critical, creative. The man, whoever he was, did a great deal of harm and wasted the time of unborn generations. He fixed in the mind of the public the notion that the critic is, in the words of Dr. Johnson, a barren rascal, a man who has failed at art and so takes to the business of belaboring his betters. Hence it is but natural that from time to time, up to this very moment, the critics arise and protest that they are artists in their own right, that their function is a creative one, that neither Zoilus nor Gifford is their necessary prototype.

They invent fine and sound theories to prove their point.

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They declare that, as poets create men, so they create poets, that they establish cosmogonies, project visions, release passions. They are wroth and plaintive by turns. In their irritation they pour out their scorn over philologists and commentators and professors. They seem never to realize that their heat is superfluous, that the simplest appeal to the history of literature, to the history of criticism proves their point.

Perhaps they have been kept from making this appeal by what looks like a bad beginning. No one ever accused the father of criticism of verse or creative rapture. But Aristotle, we are to remember, was, like Hegel or Spencer, an encyclopedic philosopher who included a theory of the arts in his system. He was not, in the deeper and narrower sense, a critic. With him must be classed all the pure aestheticians who are dedicated to a philosophical discipline and not to literature at all.

So soon as we reach the critics proper all doubt disappears. We meet Horace whose "Epistola ad Pisones" had so long and finally so unhappy an influence; we meet Dante with his great treatise on the speech of the folk; we meet the first very great, fully equipped critic of the modern world in the person of John Dryden. In the eighteenth century our proofs multiply. Boileau was an eminent poet according to the standards of his period; so was Johnson; Lessing was dramatist, epigrammatist—in the sense of the ancients—and a creator of prose; Goethe was—Goethe. In the romantic and post-romantic periods the critics are all artist natures, all "diverse and undulating," all intense and visionary. We need but think of Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt. The latter, the greatest of them, poured all his creative ardor into critical form and established, more than any one else, the artistic independence of that form. Ste. Beuve was a true poet even though the "Causeries" have overshadowed the "Poèsies de Joseph Delorme," Lemaître a dramatist and writer of *contes*, Gourmont a "maker" in every field. If we must omit Brunetière, more scholastic philosopher than critic anyway, we are rewarded by the names of Matthew Arnold, who will some day, perhaps, seem the most lasting of the Victorian poets, of Walter Pater, that arduous artist in prose who wrote the "Imaginary Portraits" and "Marius the Epicurean," of quite minor contemporaries, such as Edmund Gosse, whose verse is as felicitous as their critical prose. If we desired merely to multiply names, there are Lowell and Poe, Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson; there is an overshadowing one that we have reserved for the last—the name of Anatole France.

It is evident, then, that criticism, like the lyric, the play, the novel, is one of the various forms through which the creative temper communicates its sense "of man, of nature, and of human life." Its mood is often more cerebral than the moods of the other forms. But even that is often more apparent than real, and there are passages in Hazlitt and Heine, Pater and Lamaître that are as impassioned as a lyric and as stirring as a drama, without ever abandoning the true movement and method of critical form. We suspect, indeed, that the cry, criticism is not creation, has come in the past and comes in the present chiefly from critics who are not critics at all, from annotators of textbooks, academic *feuilletonistes* in newspapers and popular magazines, from all those who, in the rude Carlylean phrase, have no "fire in their belly," and are anxious to make that lack a note of excellence in themselves and a mark of the craft to which they pretend.

Homeric America

IF for any reason the population of New York City were temporarily doubled there is no doubt that everyone would be crowded. Yet the recently elected Governor of Oklahoma, at the barbecue to celebrate his election, did not hesitate to give a party that more than doubled the population of Oklahoma City and not one guest reported anything but a glorious time. Two hundred and eighty-nine beeves, we read, seventy hogs, thirty sheep, three bears, 110 turkeys, 3,540 rabbits, 134 opossum, 2,000 pounds of buffalo, 1,500 pounds of reindeer, and 1,427 chickens were but a part of the feast. Four huge coffee percolators, specially built for the party, each holding 10,000 gallons of coffee and heated by a steam-engine, served the foaming brew to hungry thousands. Bread rose mountain high, the barbecue pit was a mile long, the fires, for which over 200 freight carloads of wood were burned, were lighted twenty-four hours in advance to make the proper sort of coals. And did the citizens of Oklahoma avail themselves of this royal opportunity? They did, a hundred and sixty thousand strong, and the forty cook-houses were kept steadily busy passing out chunks of beef and pork, mutton, possum, chicken, and venison, and steaming cups of coffee.

The inaugural ceremony at which State officials and a few of the specially privileged were present took place as usual in the House of Representatives; but on the following day the ceremony was repeated at the fair grounds for everybody to witness. Governor Walton let it be known that this was a party for the plain citizen; the "four hundred" might come, but they need not expect to shine. Old country dances, fiddlers who could show modern orchestras how to play the old-time dances, old-fashioned homespun and overalls, Indians dancing in Navajo blankets—these were the properties the Governor wanted. It was to be the frontier all over again: all of Western America's traditions of homeliness and size and joviality. And the celebration was just as the Governor wished. The Indians danced, the fiddlers played, the "frontiersmen," with handkerchiefs about their necks and revolvers in their belts, swaggered as gloriously as if they had never ridden on a trolley-car, everyone present had a chance to shake hands with the Governor and his Lady, and the great man's speech was sent out by an amplifier so that not one of the waiting thousands but could hear every word he said.

This magnificent prodigality could not exist except in America—nor could this simplicity. It is part of the abundant tradition that grew up in the days when everything was at hand in dizzying profusion and every man might take away as much as he could carry: "Unlimited forests"—of which half are already gone; "herds of buffalo so numerous they could never be exterminated"—and they are now extant only in the great national parks; flocks of wild pigeons that required days to pass a given spot, that could clear off vegetation over an area of many square miles in a day, that deadened the sound of their destroyers' guns with the mighty beating of their wings—and not one is left. It is small wonder that Americans think in superlatives. It is not surprising that they are boastful. If some day a historian emerges who can set down not only the dulness and docility of America but this largeness, this gusto, this energy, he will be a great writer—and he will write of a great America.

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These United States—XXI*

SOUTH DAKOTA: State Without End

By HAYDEN CARRUTH

Our Rivers slip down from the North, our Rivers sneak in from the West,
They roll along in the Spring, but most of the year they rest;
For they list to the lure of the Wind, the Sun's beguiling song,
And our Wind is a thirsty Wind, and the kiss of our Sun is long.
The Cannon Ball filters through from where the Indians come
Who draw their Government beef and swap it away for Rum;
The Big Sioux creeps through the Prairie, a mile in a day with luck,
The Jim is un-nav-i-gay-ble for even a light-draught duck.

But the Old Missouri, the Old Big Muddy, that rises God knows where,
Comes down from the North, and in from the West, then passes out Down There;
It makes one bite of Robinson's ranch, and goes on its waggish way,
But dumps it down in Doyle's corral, so everything is O.K.!
"MESS-ROOM SONG" (Fort Lookout, 1879)

THE way of a serpent upon a rock seems broad and distinct compared with a parallel of latitude or longitude. I remember some years ago a friend showed me that every time I went to the post office I crossed latitude forty-five north. I had not been aware of it. He pointed out the exact place, by a tree, and ever afterward I found myself stepping high when I passed over it, bound not to trip. But a State that must depend on these artificial map decorations for its boundaries is unfortunate. How shall it know itself? How develop individuality? Perhaps it can, but it will take time. Of course I am thinking of South Dakota, which, except for a few miles in two corners, exists only because it is a certain distance north of the Equator and west from Greenwich; and the Equator is imaginary, and I have my doubts about Greenwich. Enter it from north, south, east, or west; nothing from the sky, or the soil, or the people, or their houses will call to you that *this* is South Dakota. Over endless prairie you come. Over endless prairie—you go on.

Let me pretend that I am living in South Dakota, as once upon a time, and may be addressed: Journeys End, Rose Bud Prairie, Near the Bijou Hills, Sentinel Butte, S. D. But though feigning of residence is easy, the assumption of birth in South Dakota may scarcely be. No, not here; but in southern Minnesota; between the same imaginary latitudinal lines and of a longitude not so much nearer Greenwich, with the same Indians, and the same blue sky and wild flowers, and the same weather.

There was a map; it was truly of a size, and half covered one wall. It was large, still it covered These United States only so far as one hundred and four degrees and a few odd minutes of longitude; so the scale was ample. It was printed on extraordinarily heavy paper, of a rich yellow-brown tone, one-third of the counties were of a soft pink-red, and another third of a mild blue-green, leaving the last third to the mellow parchment of the paper. That is, the older States bore this embellishment of county, but Kansas and Nebraska, the latter probably and the former perhaps, still Territories, had only a few square counties heaped up in the eastern parts, as a child would make a block pile; but the Indian Territory and Dacotah (as the map had it) showed no counties at all. I found more pleasure in Dacotah than in anything else on the map; it was near enough to be not unattainable; there I traveled, fascinated by a vast region three hundred miles long and fifty wide edged with map-makers' mountain fringe, called Table Land; another half as large with the enticing name of Coteaux des Prairies; with the names of different Indian tribes scattered carelessly here and there, and above all else, to the northwest, a great region of Unexplored Country. When this map of maps was made I know not; probably before the Civil War or early in the conflict.

I went to Dakota (came, I mean) in the early eighties, while it was a Territory, and still one, the North and the South, but hostile. Many changes had occurred from the old map. The Rivière au Jacques had become, by way of the James, the Jim. The beautiful Table Land had been found not worth putting on the newer maps, the Coteaux des Prairies had suffered the same fate. Where were Spirit Hill, Butte de Sable, Dead Colt Hillock, Hole-in-the-Wall Mountain, and, above all, The Lightning's Nest? Many enticing names had gone, but a few others had been acquired, as Charles Mix and Bon Homme for two adjoining counties, and, in the Black Hills, Deadwood, beloved of the authors of the dime novel, by recent analysis shown to be our only true American literature. You enter the picturesque Black Hills region through Buffalo Gap, and leave it by way of the Cheyenne River, Grindstone Butte, the Bad River, and Fort Pierre; at least I did—on horseback. But Old Harry's, Blue Blanket Island, Dog's Ears Butte, October Cache, and Bear-in-the-Lodge Butte are gone.

Perhaps without further delay I should confess that I shall not give many statistics, so dearly beloved of our State, such as that if all the cows in South Dakota were placed end to end they would reach to the moon, and leave one to jump over. But who would believe this, cold, provable fact that it is, allowing the modest estimate of seven feet and four inches to each cow? Nobody. So with a thousand other facts about our glorious State, which I with painstaking care have collected. Who would believe what I could tell of our production of wheat and corn, of cattle and hogs, of butter and eggs; of gold? The facts are too tremendous for human consumption; the simple, smiling truth becomes a figure of fright. I shall pass it all over in detached silence. You, of course, saw recently in the newspapers that South Dakota stood next to the top in the percentage of drafted men found acceptable by the medical examiners in the late war. It is not my fault that this fact was made public. Only Kansas was ahead of us. But I shall make no triumphant references to our products, our resources, our intellectual achievements, or our virtue.

But there is one thing of which I must speak pridefully, perhaps boastingly. I do so the more boldly because it is never mentioned in praise of this or any other region. On it the Boosters are silent. Along our rivers, about our

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lakes, among the mountains of our southwest corner, there is much beautiful scenery of the conventional type, which receives due praise; but all States have the regulation scenery. We have the Prairie. We have it to a greater extent and in more beautiful guise than any other State. The Prairie, level or gently rolling, is the earth we inhabit brought to its highest point of perfection; it is the world ordered, arranged, settled; the world at peace; the world kind, thoughtful, brooding; the world passed beyond the treachery of the sea, the clamor and savagery of the mountains; the earth with its other half, the sky, above us and about; the world open, frank, constant, giving man to look about him and to know his littleness or to exult as a god; the Prairie is the world in its calm, serene, beautiful old age, meditative, unhurried, unafraid; approaching Nirvana. To know the Prairie friendly-wise, above all to know it as mother, is to feel "the exceeding beauty of the earth."

There is no other place where so fully may be realized the immensity of the earth as in the midst of the Prairie. There we know our earth for what it is, and turn our faces to our sky, and know that we are part of all. The Prairie is clothed by the universal grass, and beautified by the flowers that are fitted to it, the pasque flower of spring, the wild rose of summer, the goldenrod and wild sunflower of autumn; the sky is a deeper blue, the clouds a more glowing white than anywhere else; at night there are the stars. Every spot on the Prairie is a High Place whereon may be offered sacrifices to Truth and Beauty. The Prairie is but the desert watered, and, as hath been said, "The desert is of God, and in the desert no man may deny Him."

And with the prairie there is what may be called an attribute even more important for the progress of mankind: the Wind. Above, "Messer Sun" of the hymn of Saint Francis of Assisi; below, and part of it, "Brother Wind." The prairie is static, the Wind dynamic. The prairie nourishes thought—the Wind demands action. The Wind of the prairie is a long, long Wind. It comes not by fits and starts, but as steadily as the sun moves across the sky; it is the eternal calmness of the prairie in motion. There are no gusts, no pauses; if you are without you cannot hide from it; you can breast it, overcome it, but you cannot avoid it. And there is no sleep like that companioned by strains "rung by the running fingers of the wind."

It cannot be denied that our Wind on occasion momentarily oversteps the bounds. It is as a test at the end of the school term. Even then it is beneficial, with its lesson in forethought, resourcefulness, mind against matter. Great Pan stamps his foot in the Lightning's Nest and the prudent citizen retires to his cyclone cellar.

But we who are at school in the great Academy of the Wind have our vacations. In October, usually, the winds are hushed; the sun floats big and red in the hazy sky, the land is a cloth of gold and purple, gossamer streams lazily on the wandering airs, and alone, on a little uprolling of the Immensity, you may catch the faint tones of far-off fairy music—"tired bells chiming in their sleep"—Pan again, I dare say, in gentler mood, perhaps this time at Spirit Hill with his pipe and the little animals, his friends, about him.

What is the effect of all this beauty upon the dweller in South Dakota? No effect is discernible. There are our sunsets—for they are beyond compare, a prairie sky being the only canvas adequate for this daily miracle, making it the marriage of heaven and earth, celebrated with a mighty harmony on Nature's color-organ; well, there it is—what about it? When the farmer sits down to milk his cow of a summer evening he turns his back to the sunset. . . . But the cow sees it. Maybe through her milk a little of the sunset may somehow touch the youthful members of the family. Certainly in time the effect will come, since no man may escape nature. Our "intimate contact with wind and sky" must touch our physical nature first. Our world has been too new, we have had too much to do. Before we were settled and had things put to rights the distracting recent inventions jumped at us. We brought the bicycle with us, "high," perhaps, but still a "wheel." Candles we never knew; electric lights were ours before we harvested the second crop. We lisped in telephones, for the telephones came. Then ensued the motor-car, and we had no solid tradition of ox-teams to help us withstand the shock. We saw that they were created for our benefit. We have yet to discover that a man may not own a motor-car and still be respectable. But it cannot be denied that to be able to call the doctor twenty miles away over the telephone, and have him dump himself at your door from his car within an hour, is a privilege not to be surrendered. The way of a motor-car on the prairie is one of swiftness. In time past distressing stories have been told in this country of life on the great central plains; especially for women; of its drabness, of resulting depression, insanity. The holy anchoret would probably find a telephone in his cell an affliction, with tradesmen calling up about the overdue payment on his last hair shirt; but it has brought needed companionship to the plains woman. And now there is radio.

South Dakota is the heart of the prairie region of North America. Take a pair of compasses and on your map set the legs to cover six hundred miles. Plant one in the middle of South Dakota and swing the other around, and in your great circle, twelve hundred miles in diameter, you will have the prairie, nipping the Rocky Mountains a bit, to be sure, and missing some plains to the north in Manitoba and Saskatchewan and to the south in Oklahoma and Texas; but mostly you'll have your prairie inclosed in your imaginary line—as good as anybody's imaginary line. And South Dakota in the exact middle of this great plain of the world should be its very heart and soul, and is. It finds itself the essence of prairieism. Perhaps, after all, there are more negative than positive qualities in a great plain, and if the State exhibits the same qualities the reason may be geographical. The nature of the State is subdued to what it lives in.

On the old map there were three towns, Yankton, Vermilion, and Sioux Falls. When, in the experimental eighties, I came, there must have been several score—or hundred. Now there must be twice—or ten times—as many. The railroads came and made them. The railroads did not have to be coaxed to South Dakota; there was something to come for: wheat. Everywhere wheat. Number one hard. While they were building the station, and before the trains began to run, the settlers would bring it in and pile it up. It grew, and still grows, as if indigenous to the soil. Number one hard. There was, and is, no other wheat like ours.

Still, though the railroads were eager to come, I believe a benevolent government at Washington did present some of the roads with every other section of the good rich land, though by chance, I think, this all occurred in the northern half of the Territory. With the man who wanted to acquire a farm and home, the dear thing, our government,

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was less open-handed. "Root, hog, or die, for you, old man!" it said to him. And he truly had to, or he did; built his house of sod, twisted wild hay for his fuel, greeted the uprising sun from the field, and plowed two furrows after this luminary had set; and his wife had a harder time than he. But if he didn't die, and became the "following-named settler"—I quote from the notice he had to put in the local paper, and pay for—when the gentle powers finally gave him a patent to his land—if he didn't die, I say, and if the local money-lender (equipped with extra rows of teeth) didn't get him, he has now, I am assured, an immense barn, a big house, a telephone, a phonograph, a radio set, a motor-car. I hope he has; and I hope, too, he has the same wife.

And of these original settlers who came into South Dakota from thirty to fifty years ago, there are still many thousands, grown a bit sedater, it is true, and less inclined to make merry of nights with barber poles and other movable objects. This may be understood when you remember that we Originals on our advent were usually in age somewhere between eighteen and twenty-four; with a few graybeards verging on thirty. We were young, but we didn't know it. It was before Youth was looked upon as a career in itself. There were a few middle-aged men with families; and if one of the families chanced to include a growing-up daughter, he was the most deferred-to man in town, and was immediately elected Justice of the Peace. As for the girl, marriageable age was desirable, but not necessary; age sufficient for the purpose of courtship would do—say fourteen. The really marriageable girl had to keep a card index of her young men. The sexes are now more evenly balanced, though still with the emphasis on the male, and it might pay any young woman in the East who is beginning to feel the least bit anxious to drop in casually. Of course our best men are already married; but that is the case everywhere.

In the old days prairie fires illuminated the night, coming winking over the tops of the little hills, zigzagging down their sides, and rushing literally on the wings of the wind with the ranker grasses of the lower land. The old days were, too, the heroic age of the tumble weed. I am tempted to boast of their speed. They suggest another fast-moving object, the county court-house of the early days. In a county each town aspired to be the county seat, and most of them were, sooner or later. I lived in a town, new-planted by the railroad authorities; two miles away on the open prairie stood the county capital, two buildings, a farm-house and a small structure containing a safe for the records. A bright legal mind in our town showed us how we could incorporate the town, with a shoe-string gerrymander to include this county building, and thus become the county seat. We warmed to the thought, and took up a collection to pay the fees at Bismarck, the capital of the Territory. Alas! "That very night the Romans landed on our coast," coming in the guise of practical men and mule teams from the rival town, and took away the county building on wheels. We never saw it again. The bright legal mind refused to return the collection.

Taking into consideration the proportion of our people still living who came here to virgin soil, I sometimes think that South Dakota is the youngest State in the Union, though of course in this respect it must stand beside its northern twin. The other Western States it seems to me, with the possible exception of Oklahoma, were settled more gradually. The Territory of Dakota was settled with a bang. Since practically everybody is either an Original, or but once removed, how can the State have developed much individuality? The fact is, it hasn't. Our people are still "from" some place. Even though you were born and brought up here, if your father and mother were from Indiana, and they talked Indiana, and got letters and newspapers from Indiana, and visited Indiana years when the crops were good, you find yourself a good deal of a Hoosier. South Dakota was settled chiefly by people from Minnesota —from Minnesota and Iowa and Wisconsin. But even these States, especially Minnesota, were so young that their people were "from." Thus, though people directly from New England, New York, or Pennsylvania, for example, were not numerous, these regions were well represented among our settlers either by real natives who had tarried a while in the newer and nearer States or by the second generation. Even the Scandinavians, who seem to liquify at such a low temperature in the melting-pot, usually reached our prairies from some neighboring State.

These Scandinavians of whom we have so many—though our northern neighbor is much ahead of us in this respect —have made a good record in the State. At least, they readily become Americanized, which may be a desirable thing if you are going to stay in America. They take kindly to our politics and our cooking, which in another generation or two will probably have a baleful effect on the honesty and clearness of their blue eyes. A long way after the Scandinavians in number come the Germans, and I know of nothing that can be said against the way in which they have comported themselves. Our percentage of foreign-born population is somewhat smaller than that of the average of the neighboring States. In the matter of Indians, the statistical tables give South Dakota third place, Oklahoma standing first and Arizona second. One wonders where they keep themselves. Still, there are reservations, and there it is fair to assume they stay, except for neighborhood excursions. In a newspaper printed close to one of these reservations there appeared recently an account of how Frank Bear Running, Charles Kills First, and John Brown Wolf came to town and stole a—there, gentle reader —I've caught you! You've guessed that they stole a Ford car. You're wrong! They had a Ford car. They came to town in it. What they did, while Jim Eddy, a ranchman, was getting a noonday snack at the hotel, was to steal the engine out of his new Ford car, transfer it to their own car, and "light out across the country like greased lightning," as the local paper expressed it. "Sheriff Bender," the paper adds, "started in hot pursuit in his Pierce-Arrow." But can a Pierce-Arrow overtake a Ford where buffalo wallows and prairie-dog towns abound? I think not.

It will be seen from this that our Indians are also becoming Americanized—if an Indian may do so. These Indians I think are mainly natives of this State, or the immediate region. Their fathers and grandfathers must have seen the exploration parties of Captain Sully, Lieutenant Warren, and Governor Medary marked on the old map as occurring in the 'fifties. Think of the talk these hurried and rattling military passings must have made around the Indian camp-fires. Too, perhaps, a little examination of arrow points, and plans for trips down the Missouri to trading posts where peltries might be exchanged for that emblem of civilization, the powder-and-ball gun. The savage has a most contemptible habit of taking a hint. Especially when, after having been shot at by a flock of Christians, he finds another flock anxious to sell him arms with which to shoot back.

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Showing, it must be confessed, a sporting spirit on the part of the Christians.

Still, none shall deny us the beginnings of State personality, even if that personality consists of having next to none. Our northern twin is given to political experiments. Our southern neighbor has brought forth Mr. Bryan, contains Omaha, shares a boundary with Kansas. And why need dwell on the varied distinctiveness of our two eastern and two western sisters? Now what is there about South Dakota to put one's finger on, to point to with pride?

Once we had a Senator at Washington named Pettigrew, R. F. Pettigrew, the only man of distinction we ever had at Washington in any capacity. But we did not keep him there. He tells why in his latest book. No doubt there is another side to the story, but that doesn't matter. I wish every voter in the State could read the book. There are three or four Senators from other States who are troublesome, sometimes wrong-headed, often cantankerous, who are not understood by their constituents, and who represent the universe rather than their State. Still their States keep them in the Senate. If South Dakota had done the same with Pettigrew it would have been a good thing for South Dakota, the Senate, and the country. Who ever hears of South Dakota's Senators today?

I have been mentally struggling to think of something to say that will reveal the Soul of Our People, but I shall have to give it up. Barring the mining in one corner, where the Black Hills beckon to their parent Rockies, we are an agricultural folk, caring more for sufficient rain and warmth in June than for Mr. Einstein's ingenious theory, Mr. Hardy's most recent book of poems, the movement for freedom in India, or even the probable state of our own souls. The price of wheat in Chicago comes home to our business and bosoms. "How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?" How, indeed! And freight rates too high. And what is that feller we sent to Washington doing about it all? Yes, we are an agricultural folk, and pluck the bright dollar (silver—weighing a pound, more or less), from the reluctant earth. We have no large cities, or a prospect of any. Perhaps there is nothing to make them.

Our only navigable river has ceased to be so. I wish the Missouri could be dredged out and the delightful old steamboats restored. But perhaps the water would have to be strained first—I am no engineer. Besides, I may be prejudiced about the Western river steamboat; I love the various noises it makes. To me a steamboat always comes round the bend with "a nigger squat on her safety-valve, and her furnace crammed, rosin and pine."

This lack of large cities may be only what should be expected in an agricultural State, not admitted to the Union till 1889, but the absence of any towns of distinction may be less easy to explain. Stop a man on the street in New York or San Francisco and ask him to name a town in South Dakota. "Why—er—yes," says your man. "Yes—Sioux City!" "But Sioux City is in Iowa." "Why, to be sure—yes—good day!" If your man is elderly he may answer your question with Yankton, because time was when it was the capital of Dakota Territory, and the only town. If he is middle-aged or younger he may say, "When I was a boy I read a bully story about Deadwood Dick—Deadwood, of course—it's in South Dakota—or is it Wyoming?" Pierre boasts (boasts is a figure of speech) of being the smallest State capital in the Union, always excepting Carson City. Our largest town, Sioux Falls, had only a few over 25,000 people in 1920. There were but eight towns of above five thousand population—but two above ten thousand. Still the population of the State was over 636,500. We are country dwellers; we live on our prairies.

As a people we are liberal financially toward education. Of course we don't know what education is; but what State does? We seem to have our fair share of the regulatory spirit, perhaps derived from our New England blood, or perhaps not. We took up with Prohibition before the country did. My recollections of observed effects of strong drink in the early days seem scanty. I do recall an immense Scandinavian who would come to town driving a yoke of oxen. On occasion he indulged too freely, and then invariably sought the grocery store, bought a package of soda crackers, begged a soap box, and repaired to where his patient oxen stood in the street. Standing the box in front of them he would sit down on it and proceed to feed the crackers to the oxen, a single biscuit at a time, alternating between the two animals. It was a scene of tranquillity and loving-kindness calculated to touch the heart of the most callous. On another occasion a visiting clergyman, mistaking, presumably, the potency of the cup before him, ventured too far, and later, making his way across town in the dark of a moonless June night, fell into a new cellar. Unable to deliver himself therefrom, he became so singularly vocal that the reverberations have come down with me through the years, haunting my ears when other sounds are momentarily hushed.

What if Christ came to South Dakota? Absurd; such things only happen far off in time and space. But if He did come it is hoped that He would get a quarter-section of our superior land and, through diversified farming, acquire the point of view of our leading people. Any funny notions put into the heads of our hired men with regard to hours or wages—quite unthinkable! If a miracle were really required—impossible things, of course—but if there *must* be one, say a good soaking rain, without clouds, in the latter part of May. Great for the Wheat. Naturally, no turning of portions of this rain water into any other liquid. The authorities—and so forth.

So runs the world away; but even after all these years I sometimes wonder if it was best that the old Territory was divided into two States and given names which, when their handles are considered, are not impressive. In those old days Congress was slow, and State conventions before there was any State were common. These were always held by but half of the Territory. Some of us, contrary-minded children of the Opposition, thought the Territory should become one State, and called by its own truly beautiful name of Dakota; and we talked of how it would be the second in size in the Union, surpassed only by Texas, a grand, imperial State, striking terror into the other States. We accused the two-staters of being a hungry generation, anxious to make more offices. They called us impractical, visionaries, unmindful of the need in the Senate of four more members of the True Party; finally they threw us out. But after upward of forty years outside the hall on the sidewalk I still say I think we were right.

And yet—if they hadn't! Dakota might have been a turbulent, a strong, a virile State, a leader, a maker of movements, a State to shatter precedents, a State of destiny. But is it not well that one, just one, of These United States should keep, should be, the spirit of the great plains—unending, unchanging, calm? South Dakota . . . the prairie. . . .

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German and French Tact

By WILLIAM C. DREHER

THE German lack of tact is well-nigh proverbial. If it had not been so prior to 1914 it would have become so since then, especially since the armistice—a period in which the Germans have time and again damaged their own case by their blunt speaking of offensive facts or views. Many Germans themselves, it must be said, are fully aware of this fault in their national character. I recall that when the great wave of anti-German feeling was sweeping over the world in the earlier years of the war, German writers began in their newspapers to try to explain why the Germans are not liked. Some of these writers were frank enough, too, to find the causes not primarily in events and happenings during the war, but farther back in a fundamental characteristic of the Germans. A contrast was drawn by them between the German and the Frenchman, with the advantage decidedly in favor of the latter, so far as all social relations go.

Now when we say that a man has tact we give him high praise, but certainly not the highest; for tact does not necessarily spring from the deeper substratum of character. The dictionaries of synonyms group it along with "craftiness," "adroitness," "discretion," "management." Tact is too apt to be worn away through contact—a reflection that has found many a sad illustration in the divorce courts. Where tact is not founded upon more solid qualities it will not stand the wear of daily strain.

An illustration in point here is found in the varying degrees of smoothness with which the different armies of occupation on the Rhine manage their relations with the German population. We do not usually regard ourselves or our English cousins either as models of tactfulness; we have upon the whole willingly conceded the palm in that regard to the French. But travelers who have been in the occupied region uniformly report that Americans and English get on well with the Germans, that even friendly relations exist; that, on the other hand, the relations between French and Germans are exceedingly bad. And this was true from the very beginning of the occupation; I heard in Berlin during the years 1919-1921 frequent confirmation of it from foreigners as well as Germans. And in reading the German press now I still see confirmation of what our own travelers have told us. German papers never cease printing unpleasant incidents that occur in the territory occupied by the French, while they appear unable to report anything of the sort from the American and English regions. Is the fault with the French or the Germans? Do the former purposely neglect to observe the little courtesies that have made them famous as models of tact?

I am not going to examine any of those unhappy occurrences here, am not going to try to apportion blame to the one or to exempt the other; I shall confine myself to mentioning what occurred at a French court-martial at Zweibrücken recently. Three Moroccans were brought before the court for an attempted sexual crime. The court imposed a sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude for all the offenders, a degree of severity hitherto unheard-of in that region. Why such severity? The woman was the wife of a French agent. And the significant fact that I set out to tell was this: the Moroccans excused themselves by pleading that they did not know it was a French woman —they thought she was German. That plea throws more light upon conditions in the French-occupied region than all long-drawn-out descriptions or explanations; it sweeps away French denials that there is anything wrong in the Rhine country for which they could be rightly held responsible.

And this suggests another thing that the German papers are now doing: they are comparing the relations that exist between French and Germans on the Rhine with those that existed between them when the Germans were occupying territory in France in 1871-1873. Bismarck's recently published correspondence shows that he, the man of blood and iron, insisted that the army of occupation treat the French with scrupulous regard for their patriotic sentiments, there was to be no attempt at humiliation. The German papers are able to quote the highest possible French testimonials for the correct and just exercise of power by the German army of occupation. The commander of that army was General Manteuffel, who, despite his name, appears to have been the champion winner of golden opinions from his former enemies. When Manteuffel was about to withdraw his army President Thiers presented him with one of his own books with this inscription: "To his Excellency, General von Manteuffel, as a souvenir of his humane and generous administration of the occupied French Provinces." And Marshal MacMahon also sent Manteuffel a letter warmly recognizing the tact and justice of his administration.

The Germans print these testimonials with the cold remark that there will be no such testimonials when the French withdraw from the Rhine. That is tactless again, but the important question remains, Is it true?

Oh Jubilee!

By CLEMENT WOOD

When hit's time fer me to die,
Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
Den my sperrit 'll fin' de sky—
Oh jubilee!

I'll fly to Hebb'n, an' not alone—
Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
Angels 'll tote me to mah home,
Oh jubilee!

Dey'll serve me locusts 'n' honey dere,
Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
I'll set in a golden rockin'-chair,
Oh jubilee!

Mah soul won' bury in no grave,
Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
But dey's lots uv niggers de Lawd can't save,
Oh jubilee!

You better be righteous w'ile you's young,
Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
'Case smart backsliders gwineter git stung,
Oh jubilee!

Dey'll broil forebber—I'll hear 'em groan,
Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
W'ile I dusts off de Hebb'nly throne,
Oh jubilee!

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Henry Ford—Wall Street's Shock-Absorber

By H. G. ANDREWS

TWO Wall Street personages were discussing Henry Ford—Wall Street personages are doing a lot of that just now.

"Ford talks like a Socialist," said one.

"Yes, but he acts like one of us," replied the other softly, "and he gets away with it." In that reply was expressed the secret of the interest that the people whom Kansas terms plutocrats now feel concerning the career of Detroit's foremost industrial citizen. For Henry Ford is at once the amazement, the pet aversion, the unending delight, the great example, and the shock-absorber of all of those whose pockets are lined with money and whose heads buzz with ambition to become benevolent financial and industrial overlords.

All overlords are natural rebels. Anarchism is to them the established order. Law is represented by a universe arranged in accordance with their will. Ford is a natural rebel. He is the greatest nonconformist of his generation. He it was who, when others talked war, launched a peace ship. His automobile business was, in its inception, a protest against craftsmanship, against the individual touch, the special design, the play of many minds in the automobile trade. His ambition was a world filled with autos—every one his own.

A natural rebel, Henry Ford has developed such implicit faith in himself that he has become a great, roving, uncontrolled, and perhaps uncontrollable force. Lacking both a sense of the perspective and of proportion, conceding to himself that science is bunk and history is bosh, Ford lives in a cosmos all his own. He surmounts opposition by being mentally incapable of recognizing that it exists. With childlike simplicity, he strolls through the orchard of life, picking whatever apples happen to strike his fancy, entirely oblivious to the protesting outcries of the owner.

Take the labor situation. Wall Street would fairly purr if the sons of toil throughout the land were to rise up and applaud it. Eminent capitalists, adroit financiers, are all hungry for popular affection. They long to be labor's well-beloved, to be looked up to and adored—but they must likewise rule. And so it has come about that for fifty years the interests centering at Wall Street have been cultivating labor by means of strikes, lockouts, mine guards, gunmen, and militia. They love labor—but unions and unionism must go. The open shop to them represents the "American idea." Can Wall Street get the open shop?—that is the puzzling question. It cannot, fight as it may. And every fight it makes for the open shop adds to the detestation in which it is held.

But what of Henry Ford? Open shops for him now and forever. Ford cars and union labor must never meet—in the factory. There is plenty of room outside. Do the unions war on Ford? They do not. Does Sam Gompers denounce him? Not so anyone can hear it. For all that appears to the contrary in the industrial world, the constitutions of all unions might end with this stipulation: "But these provisions shall nowise apply in the case of Henry Ford."

Ford himself has apparently concluded that this exemption shall include *all* constitutions, laws, rules, and regulations. Recently a number of minor steel companies endeavored to unite with a view to forming themselves into a major concern. Was the merger permitted? Not at all. It was placed under the governmental ban on the general theory that it might be large, successful, and therefore illegal. Railroad companies have at various times held stock in steel concerns. Invariably the railroads have been required to divest themselves of such holdings. But rulings of that sort shrink back affrighted into governmental pigeon-holes when Ford appears upon the scene. The Detroit automobile-maker's progress is imperial. Stinnes of Germany but follows him. Stinnes is the advocate of the horizontal trust. Ford's operations are both perpendicular and horizontal. With automobile factories that are the awe and amazement of Michigan, he buys ore fields, coal lands, and railroads. And a government which ruled that a railroad cannot hold stock in steel mills, finds that steel mills, if they are Ford's, can properly acquire innumerable transportation lines.

What is the result of such announcements? Loud applause from the public even when it is intimated that if the Detroit wizard secures these railroad properties he will see to it that no blunders of Congress, no silly interference upon the part of the Interstate Commerce Commission, no hampering, deadening governmental hands of any kind are permitted to interfere in any way with the efficiency of his management.

Small wonder that Wall Street marvels! It has long been endeavoring to play that sort of game and has been beaten to a pulp. When it comes to mergers, when it comes to running railroads or combining them with industries or forming them into systems, the Government stands by its rules and the public supports it. But always with the provision that the commonly accepted stipulations shall not apply in the case of Henry Ford. Is it any wonder that Wall Street can say: Henry *talks* like a Socialist but he *acts* like one of us.

That there is no limit to Ford's daring or to his contempt for the puny laws that bind lesser men is abundantly proved by his descent upon Muscle Shoals. For fifty years the so-called Wall Street interests conducted a bitter but losing fight against the contention that when private interests acquired natural resources such as power sites they should be subject to regulation. The Wall Street doctrine was that natural resources naturally belonged to the people best fitted to develop them. Turn them over to people who knew what power was for. Give them to the group that could make the best use of them. Providence had made some men wise and some men stupid. The wise ones should be awarded the coal mines, the forests, and the power-developing rivers. That was the Wall Street contention. But it is not the law. Wall Street, beaten, humbly accepted a Federal Water Power Act that described the terms under which groups of capitalists might be permitted to dam rivers, develop power, and market it. Wall Street accepted regulation because it had to. But once again it is a case of rules to which there is an exception. Recent developments would lead the superficial inquirer to the inevitable conclusion that the Federal Water Power Act also termi-

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nates with the provision that the various sections of the law shall apply to all citizens with the exception of Henry Ford.

When Wall Street thinks of Muscle Shoals and the Ford offer, its admiration almost approaches reverence. Carelessly, easily, naturally, Henry Ford makes an offer for Muscle Shoals that no Wall Street financier would dare admit he had ever even thought of proposing. Regarding Muscle Shoals, Ford in effect says: "It is a fine power site for anyone who knows what to do with it. The matter has been dreadfully muddled. Finish the dams, instal the machinery, and turn the enterprise over to us for one hundred years with the privilege of renewing the lease, and I will try to think of some way of pulling the country out of the hole. But there must be no regulation, no interference. I will not have any law officials fussing around my place. I don't want to be bothered by any Federal Power Commission. The regulations that regulate others should not regulate me." What is the answer to that proposition? Is it wild protest? Not so; the noise you hear is applause. Why should Henry Ford be required to pay attention to a silly government? asks an indignant public.

The Government has ninety odd million dollars invested at Muscle Shoals in nitrate plants, railroads, stone quarries, steam-power plants, railroad engines, lumber, hotels, dwellings, tools, and miscellaneous supplies. The American Farm Bureau Federation, surveying this investment, announced as a guiding principle that the various properties should not be sold at knock-down prices to anybody. The junk value of the government holdings at Muscle Shoals was placed at $16,000,000. Ford offered $5,000,000 for the outfit, and the American Farm Bureau Federation promptly said "Take it." Why? Because, says the Federation, Ford is a genius; because he knows how to utilize the property. Why should Ford be given the power at Muscle Shoals without being subject to any sort of regulation? Because he knows what power is for; knows how to use it. Why should he be permitted to combine steel mills, railroads, ore lands, coal fields, and water power sites? Simply because he knows how to do that sort of thing well. Why regulate an honest man? Why regulate an able man? Why should the Government attempt to tell Henry Ford how he should conduct any of his business enterprises—even when he gets into the public-utility field? That is the position taken by Ford—and of the large public that acclaims him.

The things Henry Ford does are things that Wall Street longs to do but dares not attempt. Railroad executives clamor for railroads run by railroad men rather than by government bureaus or commissions. Ford fights for the railroad executive's point of view. Wall Street would add industry to industry and utility to utility. Ford fights that fight. There is not very much affection for Henry in the Street, but there is a fellow-feeling among millionaires the world over. And Wall Street is the one place in the world where a man who does things in his own way and without regard to the laws that apply to other men and gets away with it receives the sincerest tribute.

And so Henry Ford, the born rebel, the nonconformist, the sublime egoist, the man who can lick the unions and make them like him, who moves in his industrial orbit uninfluenced by the puny judgments of legislators, has become Wall Street's shock-absorber. For where Henry Ford has blazed the trail, other men may some day hope to travel.

The Eve of French Invasion

By ROBERT DELL

(*The Nation's Special Correspondent in Berlin*)

Berlin, December 27

THIS has not been a happy Christmas in Germany. It has been overshadowed by anxieties of all sorts, both material and moral. Never have the shops done so little business at Christmas time. Buyers were frightened away by the rising prices, which were 85 per cent higher in the first half of December than they had been a month earlier, and four times as high as in the first half of October. Salaries and wages have not risen proportionally, and of course the incomes of large numbers of Germans have not risen at all. As paper prices rise, the plight of persons with fixed incomes grows more and more desperate.

It is, of course, the case that gold prices in Germany are very low. In the first half of December they were not more than half pre-war prices, and less than a third of present prices in England. Whereas one gets 16,000 marks or more for a shilling, five hundred marks go as far as a shilling in London. I am speaking of retail prices on an average—the general cost of living, which is kept down in part by the ridiculously low rents. The rent-restriction law even now forbids the raising of rents (except in the case of new houses) to more than thirty times their pre-war rates, which means that their gold value is almost nothing. A workman's tenement in Berlin still costs only about 200 marks (three cents) a week. Since this law helps to keep down salaries and wages, it really takes money out of the pockets of owners of house property and puts it into those of employers of labor. Nevertheless, I am told that there would be a revolution if the law were repealed. The official defense of the law is that it is necessary for the sake of the middle classes, who are of course on the whole the worst off of the German population.

There are certain exceptions to the low gold prices. One is coal, the home supply of which has become so inadequate, thanks to the Treaty of Versailles, that much has to be imported and the gold price of coal is higher than before the war. The pre-war price of coal in Berlin was 16 marks ($4) a ton; it now costs 30,000 marks a ton, which at the time of writing are equivalent to about $4.30. The Berlin municipality has been obliged greatly to reduce the lighting of the streets, many of which are nearly as dark as were the streets of London in war time. Even in Unter den Linden less than half the lamps are lighted. In a sane world it would seem to everybody absurd that Germany should be obliged to deliver to France the coal of the Ruhr and then buy back from the French Government the coal of the Saar. But Europe resembles nothing so much as a vast lunatic asylum. All imported goods are of course dear. For example, coffee, which before the war cost Mk.1,20 to Mk.1,60 (30 to 40 cents) a pound, now costs about Mk.4,000—(nearly 60 cents). Before the war it was the drink of the people; now the majority of Germans can never drink it.

Nevertheless in spite of these exceptions, gold prices in general, as I have said, are much lower than before the war, and have not in fact varied very much during the year. The majority of merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, and bankers—especially bankers—are better off than they were before the war, for their gold incomes are at

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least as high and the purchasing power of a gold mark is doubled. Germany is becoming (indeed has become) a country with a small minority of very rich people and a large majority of miserably poor. The only country in which anything like such conditions have existed in modern times was pre-war Russia, and even there a middle class was growing up. In Germany the middle classes are disappearing.

It is difficult, with a constantly shifting currency, to estimate the German national income per head of the population, but one will probably not go far astray in estimating its gold value at 85 per cent less than the pre-war income, and its purchasing power at 70 per cent less. As everybody knows, persons with pensions or invested incomes are in most cases reduced to extreme poverty. The latter, having for the most part spent their capital, are now selling their furniture and will have nothing left when that is gone. The purchasing power of salaries on an average is about 50 per cent less than before the war, that of skilled wages from 30 to 50 per cent less. Professional earnings are enormously reduced. For instance, the fee paid to doctors under the state system of insurance is even now only a hundred marks (little more than one cent) a month for each patient, although the doctor may have to treat the patient every day. The majority of doctors in Berlin are probably not earning as much as unskilled laborers. The highest fee charged by the best specialists is only 5,000 marks (about 70 cents) a visit. Probably the purchasing power of 5,000 marks in Berlin is as great as that of three dollars in New York, but even so such a fee is very low. Wages of unskilled workers have suffered the least diminution in purchasing power, but German unskilled workers had not a living wage before the war, nor have they one now. The minimum wage for an unskilled worker in December was fixed by the trade unions at 85,000 marks a month. A single man or woman, or even a childless married couple, could manage to exist on that, but the minimum income necessary for the barest possible subsistence of a married couple with two children under ten in Berlin is now 25,000 marks a week. The minimum salary for competent journalists in December is only 60,000 marks a month, and the Berlin association of journalists has been compelled to open a fund for the purpose of enabling many of its members to buy boots. Probably the majority of government servants have not a salary sufficient for bare subsistence, and even in the highest ranks of the government service salaries are terribly low. For example, a government servant of my acquaintance, whose pre-war salary was 18,000 marks ($4,500) a year, now has a salary of two million marks (not quite $300) the purchasing power of which may perhaps be equivalent to that of $1,500 a year in New York.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that trade has been bad in Berlin this Christmas. Most of the population have barely enough money for necessities and nothing left over for superfluities. It is true that the cafes and places of amusement are still full but, when a glass of beer or a seat at the "movies" costs about two cents, it is cheaper to spend the evening there than to burn a fire at home, with coal at its present price. As for the expensive theaters and restaurants, there are enough foreigners and wealthy Germans to keep them going. Besides, they are only relatively expensive, for one can dine sumptuously in one of the best restaurants in Berlin for about a dollar, including wine, coffee, liquor, the 22 per cent wine tax and the 10 per cent for the waiter which is now added to restaurant bills in place of tips.

Christmas in Germany has, too, been overshadowed by the uncertainty of the political situation. There are no political events to record. Germany is simply awaiting with intense anxiety the result of the adjourned conference of Allied prime ministers, which will have met in Paris before this letter appears in print. The Government is going to make new proposals for the conference, but nobody has much hope that they will be accepted. For the conviction is now almost universal in Germany that the French Government does not desire a solution of the reparations problem, but wishes to exploit the situation to crush and dismember Germany. That conviction has been confirmed by the publication of the Dariac report, with its cynical declaration that it is not to the interest of France that Germany should pay. The proposals that it is now making for "strengthening the occupation of the Rhineland" and taking "guaranties" are on the lines of the measures recommended by M. Dariac as the first steps toward the separation of the Rhineland from Germany. Throughout the Rhineland itself public feeling has been stirred to its depths and there have been demonstrations everywhere against the French proposals.

Perhaps there has been no more ominous symptom of the state of feeling in France than the bitter opposition of the French press to the suggestion of American intervention. If it were really the aim of France to obtain reparations, that opposition would be inexplicable, for it is becoming more and more clear that only with the aid of America can Germany be restored to a position that will make the payment of reparations possible. The only hypothesis on which the attitude of the French press in this regard can be explained is that official France is in bad faith and does not sincerely wish to be paid. The German people have therefore good reason to be alarmed. On the decisions of Paris the fate of Germany for a long time to come may depend.

Here in Germany all eyes are turned toward America. Everybody is anxiously asking whether the United States will or will not consent to save Europe. I understand the unwillingness of Americans to intervene again in European affairs. I still think as I have always thought that you were right in refusing to ratify the Treaty of Versailles or to enter the League of Nations. I am as strongly as ever of the opinion that it would be madness on the part of America to cancel the debts of the Allies or even to put a finger in Europe without exacting the most stringent conditions. But it is in the power of America to impose such conditions and to force Europe to return to sanity.

Contributors to This Issue

HAYDEN CARRUTH was born in Minnesota but lived a large part of his life in South Dakota. He conducted the *Estelline Bell* in that State when it was part of Dakota Territory. Among other volumes he is the author of "Track's End." In the years 1888 to 1892 he was on the New York *Tribune*, and at present he writes "The Postscript" in the *Woman's Home Companion*.

H. G. ANDREWS is an associate director of the Institute of American Business.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter is an old romantic. He loves Rothenburg, and Goslar, Freiburg in the Black Forest, and the Rothaargebirge of Upper Hessia. He hates the Ruhr, as he hates Pittsburgh. If he were in Reichskanzler Cuno's shoes he rather thinks that he would invite the French to seize it, and to take it back with them to France. He is informed that it is the heart of Germany, but it is another heart of another Germany than that in which he used to *bummel* in his *schwärmerische* days. (Forgive the Drifter his affectation of foreign words, but *bummel* means vastly more than "bum," *schwärmerische* simply cannot be translated, and if he called the Rothaargebirge the "Red-haired Mountains" no American would believe that they existed.)

* * * * *

YET there is something tremendous and terrible about that Ruhr Valley where men have burrowed and gnawed at the ancient contours, transforming the land as few other bits of soil off Manhattan Island have anywhere been transformed. There is nothing left that is not man-made. It is indeed the consummation of modern industrial Germany, with its overhead railroads and underground streets, and its trim little workmen's homes so neat as seen from a train window, and so overcrowded and shoddy within. The Drifter finds in an old notebook the jottings of an evening rush through the Ruhr aboard the Berlin-Cologne express. He prints them as he finds them:

Dortmund: A score of tall chimneys black against the sunset sky, belching forth their dirty vomit of smoke—smoke which hangs like a dead gray curtain above the flaming red horizon.

Gelsenkirchen: Clusters of smoking obelisks poking out of the obscurity of the gathering night, accidental beauty defying the ugliness of industry. Blast furnaces glare suddenly, and give way to the thousand sparkling squares of a night-working factory.

Essen: Factory yards spotted with flaring arc-lights; pools of light radiating into the dark, spilling over the fences, losing themselves in nothing; Gargantuan piles of coal.

Miles of day in the night; freight-yards, workshops, factories, all as bright as Broadway at theater-time—*Oberhausen.* Locomotives puffing splendid clouds of white steam that soar above the lights; superhuman cranes and elevators. Huge spectral forms hulk mysteriously in the obscurity. More squares of factory-windows. Never a curve; always the eternal mathematical rectilinearity of industry. Then peace and darkness—only black piles of coal against the black sky. Dark little workmen's homes, everybody safe in bed. Far in the distance a twinkling mass of lights dance like Chinese lanterns at a garden party; then, as the train rushes past, they madly scramble about and rearrange themselves in straight lines, revealing the garden as of cinders and ash and coal, a railroad yard scarred with endless parallel rails. This is *Duisburg* on the Rhine.

* * * * *

THE last time that the Drifter journeyed through the Ruhr was in 1921. A rather disagreeable fat German turned to him after one of the train's mad plunges through a holocaust of blast-furnaces. "Is there anything like it anywhere else in the world?" he asked. "Pittsburgh," the Drifter replied. "As big as the Ruhr?" "No." "I come from Upper Silesia," the German continued. "That is a small Ruhr too." Upper Silesia was going to the Poles, he lamented. Well, let it go, he said. It was only a matter of years. The Germans work; the Poles don't. Poland would die because the Poles won't work; then Upper Silesia would come back. Suppose France should seize some of these cities; what of it? They could ruin the factories; they would not work them or build new ones. They might take away the colonies and the mines and the factories; they could never rob Germany of her richest treasure—German capacity for work. In the end work would win.

* * * * *

THE Drifter grunted. He was afraid that his neighbor was right. The very existence of the dirty Ruhr was treachery to the Drifter's sentimental dream of old Germany. For the French to covet the Ruhr of all things German was treason to the Drifter's dream of France. The age of machinery, that was to bring release from work, leisure, new opportunities for beauty, had brought instead the feverish black Ruhr in Germany, covetous materialism in a mad France, and the promise of final victory for the hardest workers and bitterest slave-drivers.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Where Is the Truth?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have seen a statement published in the November 15 issue of *The Nation,* signed by Felix Pogliano, Secretary-Treasurer of District 15, United Mine Workers of America, which seems to me to justify the following observations:

There is absolutely no discrimination on the part of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company officials toward workmen because of their membership or non-membership in the miners' union. Large numbers of union men are constantly in our employ. On this point it might be well to quote Section 12 of the constitution of the United Mine Workers of America, District 15, which reads as follows:

> Any member belonging to a Secret Service Organization, Private Detective Agency, the Civic Federation, the Rockefeller Industrial Plan, the Industrial Workers of the World, or the Workers' International Industrial Union, or the One Big Union, or any other dual organization, shall be expelled from the United Mine Workers of America. Any local union donating any of their funds or levying an assessment for the benefit of the above-mentioned organizations shall be fined double the amount of the donation or assessment, same to be collected by the District Secretary-Treasurer.

The 1919 nation-wide strike lasted from November 1 until November 11. Many of our men did not report for work on the first day of the strike, but most of them returned on November 3, when, in response to their petitions to the Governor, troops were placed in the field.

In the 1922 strike a few State rangers were placed at important points in the coal-mining districts prior to April 1, and as a result very few of our men ceased work, except at three mines in the Canon District where, after failure for a few days on the part of the men to report for work, the mines were closed down. At no time during this strike were we unable to produce all of the coal that we could market, and during the five months, April to August, inclusive, our production increased approximately 250,000 tons, or about 24 per cent over the previous year's production for the same period. A comparatively small number of men, thrown out of employment at the steel plant in August by reason of cessation of operations there, sought work at the coal mines in accordance with their custom when work at the mines is more plentiful than at the steel works.

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Based on expressions of the workmen made with frequency to outside and disinterested people, as well as to officials of the company, and their increasing participation in it, the conclusion is justified that the Rockefeller Plan is not a failure. Except at one mine it is true, as stated, that "only one vote was ever taken by the employees," and that was overwhelmingly in favor of the plan. At the exception noted the employees later requested an opportunity to vote a second time, when they reversed their former negative action.

Men who have worked for the company for any considerable length of time are not denied work at fifty. New employees are not taken into the service after they have passed fifty years of age, but those who have previously worked for the company and are more than fifty years old are being continuously reemployed.

Denver, December 1 J. F. WELBORN,
President Colorado Fuel and Iron Company

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We as a labor organization contend that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company *has* and *is* discriminating against our members, and we can prove it. It may be that Mr. Welborn has no knowledge of it. The Industrial Representation Plan is in a measure a dual union, it is a company union, and the supposed representatives are elected in a questionable manner in many instances. These representatives when attending conferences are paid by the company; they do not consult the other employees before going to said conferences nor report upon their return. Such representatives are barred from holding membership in our union while acting as such.

During the 1919 nation-wide strike, the State troops were sent to all coal-mining communities excepting Fremont and Gunnison counties three days before the strike started. The miners were ordered back to work by the district officers upon the rescinding of the strike call by the international union. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company refused to reemploy many of the strikers in the southern counties and established a system under which the miner securing work was compelled to sign a pink card pledging himself to remain loyal to the Rockefeller Industrial Plan, also to the American Government (as though they had been disloyal). Many of the miners are ex-service men of the late war. In a number of camps the men again went on strike and the pink card was abolished.

During the 1922 strike the rangers placed at the coal camps amounted, according to Commander Pat Hamrock, to several hundred. Not only the Fremont County mines of this company were shut down completely, but also those in Gunnison and some in Huerfano. Large numbers of their miners also quit at other mines; some returned in time and others were replaced by men shipped from the Pueblo Steel Works.

The rangers, acting under orders, broke up our meetings at various places, arresting a considerable number of the strikers. All of them were later dismissed either by the prosecuting attorney or judge when appearing for trial. We were prohibited from erecting tents to house our members who were evicted from company-owned camps, and were prohibited under penalty of arrest from speaking to any of the men at work. The Fremont County mines remained closed all the time with one exception, and during all the time of the strike the strikers were being urged to return to work.

Mr. Welborn's figures on coal production for the five-month strike period and for the same months in the year 1921 are correct. I also find, however, that although the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company mines in Huerfano and Las Animas counties worked nearly the same number of men during the strike as the same period in 1921, the mines worked just about double the number of days during the strike. This accounts for the increase in production, but the tonnage per capita is not near as great.

As I stated before, so far as the vast majority of the miners employed by this company are concerned, the Rockefeller Plan is a failure and the men do not want it. The majority refuse even to vote for representatives and there have been cases where men so elected refused to accept, and some accepted under protest in fear of losing their jobs. At the mine where the second vote was taken it was at the solicitation of the mine officials, who told the men that unless the vote was favorable the mine would be shut down; and while the balloting was going on one of the mine officials stood near the ballot box and watched the men vote—voting was by red and white ballots.

At the time of my first writing on October 3, there were at least one hundred miners in one section alone past fifty years of age, old employees of this company, who had been refused work; their applications were pending. Since the publication of my letter in *The Nation* almost all of them have been given work. In this connection I have been reliably informed that before being put to work these old men were plainly told it was their last opportunity; that if they ever went on strike again they would get no more consideration. No doubt Mr. Welborn has not been made acquainted with these occurrences, as well as many other things, but nevertheless they are true.

Pueblo, Colorado, December 21 FELIX POGLIANO

President Lowell and Anatole France

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note that President Lowell of Harvard, in his reply to Mr. Bruce's protest at the exclusion of Negroes from the Harvard freshman dormitories, remarks that "for the colored man to claim that he is entitled to have the white man compelled to live with him is a very unfortunate innovation. . . ."

Is this not strangely reminiscent of Anatole France's remark that democracy seems to be the equal right of the rich as well as the poor to sleep under the bridges of Paris?

New York, January 12 MELVILLE HERSKOVITZ

Making Workers into Hoboes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please accept my thanks for the articles you have published on the railroad situation by Evans Clark.

I am fifty-five years of age and have worked for two railroad companies for thirty-two years, and it is a hard task to be made a hobo at my age. I am a boilermaker and have been out now for six months. We have only one man in our craft that has returned, deserted about three days ago. We left our jobs believing that we were being dealt with very unfair by the Labor Board, and that labor was not fairly represented on the said board, also that the railroads were not living up to the decisions. To cease doing our labor was the only means left us as a protest. We shop crafts look on this strike as forced upon us and that it has evolved to a lockout. It is most cruel treatment to us.

Strike-breakers and gunmen, also men who under normal times the companies would not employ, were put in our places with higher wages or facility to earn big wages, luxuries, and conditions which we old employees could only have dreamed about. The only offer we have had to our jobs was to reengage as new hands such as the company saw fit to take on, with the loss of seniority rights. Looking from all angles of events, past and present, it shows plainly a conspiracy to break our organizations and force the workers down into such a helpless condition that the word slavery would only amount to a figure of speech.

Some of the roads have come to agreements with their employees but the chief coal-carrying roads still refuse to recede any from the position taken up by them.

To me it's a conspiracy in restraint of trade. Merchandise

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weeks on the road overdue. Slag and stone being hauled over the roads and the people who purchase coal have also to purchase what they have no use or desire for and charged exorbitant prices. Chestnut coal, and not the best grade, $17 per ton.

Oneonta, New York, January 8 ALBERT D. WHEELER

"You, Too?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The inclosed poem, published in the *American Hebrew* and written by Julian M. Drachman, one of my former students at the College of the City of New York, seems so well done and so in line with your own fine attitude that I am wondering whether you will not wish to reprint it.

New York, January 9 H. A. OVERSTREET

You, too, John Harvard? . . . Will you add your name
To the long, crimson chronicle of shame,
You who forsook dear Stratford's hallowed sod
To seek new shrines where each might serve his God
In equal freedom? Do you turn at last
Reentering black horrors of the past?
Pontius' cross and Torquemada's fire,
The scorpion-scourge of Babylon and Tyre,
Bondage to Pharaoh, blows from Russian knout,
The yellow hat of Aragon, sneer and shout,
Exile, proscription, hatred—ghosts of sin
You call to life with this that you begin.

We have grown old in sorrow; suffering
To us is no untried and dreaded thing.
If you repeat what we have heard before,
And, like the rest, bar the half-opened door,
We'll take our staff in an accustomed hand
And wear old shoes to many a stranger land.
Sadly, with never a curse nor uttered pang,
We'll chant the dirges Jeremiah sang.
Our sole reply to this mad thing you do
Will be a weary, futile sigh: "You, too?"

We had a vision of a Western land,
Full of your spirit, by the setting sun,
New, free, where every man might boldly stand
Upon devotion given, struggles won.
That vision lured us over watery ways,
Consoled black nights, sustained through evil days,
And picked us up and set us down again
Where we might live, toil, study, love like men.
We've breathed the air of freedom, heads erect.
With roots deep in our country's soil, we swear
Wherever she may need us and expect
Our dearest service, she shall find us there.

We have lived by that vision; say not now
That it was but a pale and fleeting dream,
And truth a nightmare, that you merely seem
Princes of justice, men of thoughtful brow,
That you are small men even as others are.
We'd not have hoped so dearly, come so far
To seek old hatreds though the land be new.
Are you, then, of their company, you too?

Where are they now who spurned the folk of God?
Rome sleeps beneath her seven ruined hills.
The desert shrouds the tombs of Egypt, fills
The palaces where Greek and Persian trod.
We raise no sword; we threaten with no rod.
We bow and pass from the oppressor's eye;
Yet justice, in some hidden way, from high
Unto the victim levels him who kills.
Wrath eats her own heart; envy turns man blind;
Scorn plucks the pinions from the soaring mind
And leaves it strengthless. . . . Pride has brought Spain low.
Kaiser and Czar, who hated us, are down.
When we flee forth, the luster leaves the crown,
Eyes fail, life's pulse wanes, tremulous and slow.

What all have tried, you may attempt anew,
But will you choose their destiny, you too?

Facts and Fancies About Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read *The Nation* every week with an attitude of mind that comes pretty near being implicit faith. Then I generally read the books that are mentioned favorably in the book reviews. This week your review said kind words about William Roscoe Thayer's "George Washington," and yesterday I sent for the book. George Washington has been one of my hobbies for years. The ignorance concerning this great soul is something appalling, and if William Roscoe Thayer helps dispel the fog—then I'm for Thayer.

But he doesn't. That's just it. Your reviewer did not tell you a lot of things about this book. Some of the most interesting he slyly kept to himself.

For instance, on the very first page the author says that Washington's mother had seven children. No, she didn't. She had six. Mr. Thayer counts Washington's brother John Augustine as two people—that is, as John and Augustine. That's how he gets seven.

On page 5 he says that George's brother Lawrence married the daughter of Lord Fairfax. Oh, no, he didn't. He married the daughter of William Fairfax. Lord Fairfax had no daughter. He never married. He was a confirmed and sour woman-hater.

On the same page Mr. Thayer says that Lord Fairfax offered the job of surveying his lands to young George Washington. No, not at all. Washington was a mere boy, and he accompanied the surveying party as an assistant. The chief surveyor was a Mr. Genn.

On the same page he says that "George, a sturdy lad of seventeen," accepted the job and started forth. The start was made on March 11, 1747, and George was a sturdy lad of fifteen. Not seventeen.

Page 11: Mr. Thayer says George brought his brother Lawrence back from the Barbados. No, he didn't do that. Lawrence went on to the Bermudas, and George came back home alone.

On page 12, he speaks of Lawrence's daughter Mildred. That wasn't her name; her name was Sarah. There was a Mildred, daughter of Lawrence—but not this Lawrence.

Page 59: Here he includes Alexander Hamilton among the members of the First Continental Congress, which met at Philadelphia in September, 1774. Not so. At that time Hamilton was seventeen years old, and a student at King's College. He did not become a member of the Continental Congress until 1782.

I haven't read any further, but the book is apparently crammed with these sloppy, newspapery inaccuracies. Turning at random to page 68, I see he mentions tobacco, cotton, and rice as the three staple crops of the South in colonial times. Cotton was not an important crop in the South until after the revolution. Indigo, tobacco, and rice were the great crops. Cotton did not cut much figure until about 1800.

On page 92 he gives the impression that Burgoyne's army got physically and geographically lost in the woods between Lake Champlain and Albany. Why, that's not so. Burgoyne was not lost when he crossed to the west bank of the Hudson; he went over in order to get the river on his left flank. There were military reasons for this.

Mr. Thayer wrote "The Life and Times of Cavour," a great historical work. It established his reputation as a historian. His present book on Washington is unworthy—so I think—of his talent. He evidently took a week or two off and slapped it together with the aid of an inaccurate secretary.

New York, December 30 W. E. WOODWARD

[*The next article in the series These United States, to appear in* The Nation *of February 7, will be* Oregon: A Slighted Beauty, *by Charles H. Chapman.*]

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Books

Judging the Supreme Court Judges

The Supreme Court in United States History. By Charles Warren. Little, Brown and Company. 3 vols. $18.

THOSE who see in recent appointments to the Supreme Court a novel and awful declension toward mediocrity may lose some of their exaltation of depression if they scan Mr. Warren's pages and find how often the same feeling has animated their ancestors. They will gain the justified impression that the court throughout its history has been composed largely of judges whose insight and ability did not distinguish them from hundreds, perhaps from thousands, of their brethren at the bar. Indeed without disparagement or praise one may say that the substitutions incident to the wisdom of Mr. Daugherty and President Harding have left the court fully the equal of what it was before. Only a few great figures stand out in the court's history. After naming Marshall and Story and Taney and Holmes and Brandeis one must pause to question whether any others belong in the first rank. Nelson and Curtis and Campbell and Miller, Moody and Hughes and Pitney and Taft, in some ways Chase and Gray and Harlan and White, are names that will be remembered for work of more than average merit; but after these and perhaps a few others the tapering indubitably begins. These impressions induced by the characteristics of written opinions do not necessarily carry the negative pregnant that those unnamed have made no worthy contributions to the collective work of the court. A judge may be keen and wise in council and still gain little renown from what he writes. What is decided is for most purposes more important than what is said in its support. It is not unnatural for us to rank a judge by the correspondence between his views and ours. Even editors are not free from this fancy, as appears from Mr. Warren's many quotations from editorial comment on appointments and decisions. Yet there are more modest standards which may lead to appraisals of more enduring worth. Jefferson could not dismiss Marshall as negligible, however much a menace he seemed to what he held of high esteem. Chief Justice Taft is a man of parts, through some of his parts are better than others. Judgers of judges have their foibles as do judges, and herein lies confession as well as indictment.

Such are some of the reflections suggested by the innumerable judgments on judges which Mr. Warren quotes from the editorials and legislative debates and hustings harangues which make up the most of his volumes. With the selectiveness of a clipping bureau he has garnered from hidden and open sources and has packed his pages with the extravagances of abuse and of praise found in contemporary comment on the court's decisions. There is too much of this and it is too ill-digested. If the antiquarian found an artist to wrestle with, he has left no trace of his opponent. This, however, should not rob the antiquarian of the grateful appreciation he deserves. There may be profit in having this plethora of wild praise and rank vituperation spread before us *ad nauseam*. It is important to know what was said even when what was said is not important. The record of political comment on the Supreme Court is not one for a tempered and balanced mind to cherish. Of thoughtful analysis there is far too little; of emotional vaporizing, far too much. Even when the adulators or the detractors have wisdom on their side, they too seldom enlist it in their enterprise. It is not strange that careful technicians become narrow when careless amateurs are so broad. If the judicial temper has not been always judicial, those who have spoken without authority have often shown themselves without authority to speak. This welter of loose talk which Mr. Warren has gathered leads one to surmise that on the whole the Supreme Court judges have had no more than their fair share of fallibility.

Mr. Warren's story in its fulness ends with the death of Chief Justice Waite. The later years receive but cursory treatment. Appointments and decisions are catalogued, and the reader is referred in footnotes to technical discussions. The dividing line thus chosen clearly marks the end of an era. No longer were constitutional issues to divide men almost wholly according to sectional ties or party allegiance. Before Marshall's death the slavery issue had begun to underlie the quarrels over the court's decisions, and the aftermath of slavery lasted well on under Waite. This accounts largely for the vehemence which rants through Mr. Warren's quotations. Those also were the times that tried men's souls. Taney's woeful blunder in the Dred Scott case still remains the greatest blot upon the court. Yet the credit side of Taney's long headship still entitles him to a place along with Marshall. Mr. Warren does well to emphasize that the Marylander had beneficent sympathies which the Virginian seemed to lack. Nothing vital in Marshall's achievements was destroyed by his successor notwithstanding his greater inclination toward homespun as against broadcloth and toward localism as against nationalism. In discussing Marshall's affirmation of the judicial power to annul acts of Congress, Mr. Warren brings out that the Jeffersonians did not at the time raise the cry of usurpation. The impression to the contrary always has seemed out of joint with the obvious fact that localism had an ally in a judicial check on Congress. What Jefferson and his friends resented was the gratuitous dictum of Marshall that the incoming administration had wrongfully withheld the commissions of the midnight appointees. It was later that disrelish of a decision so commonly prompted a denial of authority to decide. Of such disrelish and such denial, no section or party can claim a monopoly. Under Taney and Chase and Waite the protestants were the political privies of those who had lauded Marshall. Each side caught its opponent in bathing and ran off with its clothes. Praise or blame depended upon whose ox was gored. Abuse was not confined to judicial vetoes. Decisions sustaining State or national legislation have claimed their full share. Not infrequently men who for one decision called the judges usurpers soon faced about and for another hailed the court as the bulwark on which the safety of the state depended. Men liked what they liked, and hated what they hated. Thus in the light of the long run, what professed to be objection to judicial government is seen to be fundamentally an objection to any government thwarting immediate desires. In the period which Mr. Warren covers intensively, the court very likely did not lag behind the legislatures in the forlorn task of pleasing all the people all the time.

For the twentieth century it is harder to speak. Today there must be many who would suffer all the ills that a legislature might inflict rather than keep it subject to the judicial curb. Yet the proposals for legislative omnipotence are sporadic and meet with no effective response. It is safe to prophesy that judicial government has many years to reign. The practical problem, therefore, is to see that our judicial governors are the best that can be had. No one can doubt that in this we fall far short of the ideal. Mr. Warren's biographies of the judges and his story of the struggles over appointments show plainly that the members of the Supreme Court bench seldom owe their office to a discriminating appreciation of their special fitness for their peculiar task. Doubtless we have had as good judges as we have had presidents, but we might fairly expect a President to be more discriminating about others than about himself. The process of selecting judges has usually been wrapped in a political secrecy into which few have been initiated. The American Bar Association plays no such part in recommending Federal judges as some State associations play in recruiting the benches of the States. Not until the President's choice is announced does any wide public discussion begin. Then the issue is no longer one of the best appointment that might be made. It becomes one of standing by the President or of showing some marked unfitness of his choice. No change of present methods would insure perfection, for man is mortal. But it would not be hard for a body of lawyers and laymen to name at any time ten members of the bench or bar with superior qualifications

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for our highest judicial office, thus borrowing or improving upon a practice not uncommon in the States. From such a list the President might make his choice in the light of other considerations which the exigency may dictate. Men passed over today might be appointed later. Service on the State courts and on the lower Federal courts might be made more definitely a stepping-stone to the Supreme Court. Thus lame ducks, personal friends, and those with denominational or racial backing might lose the preference which they now enjoy. Mr. Warren's record exposes the woefully haphazard process of selecting officials who wield such great and unreviewable power. Railing at the continuance of the power is likely to bear but little fruit. The way of improvement lies rather in helping the President to make the wisest possible choice.

THOMAS REED POWELL

May Sinclair

Anne Severn and the Fieldings. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $2.

TO say that Miss May Sinclair has just published a new novel is to say that a sense of tragic sweetness and almost terrifying beauty is dwelling between two fresh covers; and that, in addition, all sorts of adipose sentimentalities and sickening infantilisms have been opened up and removed by a pen that is surgical in its operations. It is not easy to convey the quality of Miss Sinclair's work: her fineness of feeling, her remorseless perceptions, her love for people who face life with mouths firm and eyes open, her deadly exposure of the moral iniquity of many "nice" and "charming" people; but all that we have learned to associate with Miss Sinclair, all that makes us approach her recent books with a certainty of reward, "Anne Severn and the Fieldings" contains.

Miss Sinclair's first novel, I believe, was "Audrey Craven," which appeared under an Edinburgh imprint in 1898; and it would be an amusing task to follow her development since then and to discover at what point she definitely becomes the mature mind and the practiced hand that we greet so confidently today. Some of her early novels have a looseness and lack of finish which almost amount to a sprawl; I am thinking particularly of "The Creators"; but at some point during the last decade Miss Sinclair knitted together, and in the novels which have followed "Mary Olivier" the tightness and finish of Miss Sinclair's style—the sureness which becomes now and then almost a patness—never fail.

"Mary Olivier," it seems to me, is not merely Miss Sinclair's masterpiece: it is one of the outstanding novels of the century; and if Miss Sinclair during these last three years has written nothing to surpass it, the reason perhaps is that among numerous goods logic will permit us to label only a single best. It would not be fair to reproach Miss Sinclair for not giving us a succession of Mary Oliviers; but one wonders whether perhaps in the pursuit of a technical perfection Miss Sinclair has not barred herself from turning up the earth in the rich field out of which another Mary Olivier might grow. In "Mr. Waddington," in the "Life and Death of Harriet Frean," and now in "Anne Severn" Miss Sinclair, I think, shows a curious reserve and limitation in dealing with her materials, as if, like certain painters, she had found a range of colors in which her talent could work easily, and had kept others away from her palette.

The result is that while each of Miss Sinclair's novels is artistically a finely wrought unit, we feel occasionally that her perfection has been purchased at a price: it has required a certain shearing and clipping, so that her novels seem to have an arbitrary shape given by the gardener, like the trees in the Jardin du Luxembourg, rather than the equally definite shape which results from permitting the tree to grow to its full dimensions. Art may be selection; but it is not merely rejection. I am particularly conscious of Miss Sinclair's trick of rejection when she is dealing with her weaker characters. Mr. Waddington, for example, is so inexhaustibly ridiculous that we are never for a moment permitted to forget his weakness by an insight into a single redeeming decency; in fact, by this dreadful uniformity of surface he ceases to be a wholly credible human being and becomes a puppet—a creature for Miss Sinclair to play with. So with the infantile Harriet Frean. I do not quarrel with Miss Sinclair's merciless tearing away of the veils: I merely maintain that if all the veils were indeed torn away there would be more to show than Miss Sinclair exposes. In short, her picture lacks human solidity: she turns a living creature of three dimensions into an aesthetic pattern of two; and what she gains in emphasis she loses in integrity. Adeline Fielding, the mother of the Fieldings, is another example. Again, we owe a debt to Miss Sinclair for exposing such a respectable basilisk, for putting us on our guard against "nice" women whose conduct is in detail and in mass so thoroughly odious. But when Miss Sinclair pierces Adeline's plaster surface, she does not give us the complete naked woman; she presents us rather with snap-shots of her spiritual deformity; and we feel that Miss Sinclair is not quite playing fair. The same attitude on the part of her creator makes Queenie, in "Anne Severn," an almost inexplicable monstrosity.

All this of course merely points to a tendency which I find in Miss Sinclair's latest work, and which drains a little of the sap out of it. But if these are misdemeanors they arise out of an excess of literary conscience and of artistic acuteness: they are not the cheap stamping of a formula that makes the latter-day writings of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells so abominably meretricious. Moreover, none of this criticism can take a penn'orth of interest away from the story of "Anne Severn and the Fieldings," and from the tale of Anne's love for Jerrold, with all its hardships and contests and concealments and endurances. If in fact I have said nothing in specific description of "Anne Severn" it is because I have no desire to stand between the reader and his opportunity for a fresh and fine experience; and if I say nothing in specific praise of it, it is because "Anne Severn" measures up to the high standard we have learned to expect from Miss Sinclair's writings. Saving perhaps Mr. D. H. Lawrence, who in England can keep her company?

LEWIS MUMFORD

A Portrait of a Hesitant

William Dean Howells: A Critical Study. By Delmar Gross Cooke. E. P. Dutton & Company. $3.

IN his study of Howells Mr. Cooke has produced a work which is not only sound and discriminating but readable. It was originally submitted as a thesis for the degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Illinois. In spite of this appalling fact, it escapes both dulness and pedantry, which is a tribute to the directing intelligence of Professor Stuart P. Sherman, head of the department of English at that institution.

Although Mr. Cooke evidently holds a brief for Howells, he indulges in no fulsome laudation and never fails to point out the faults in his hero. Howells was a hesitant realist; he refused to "go the whole hog," particularly in dealing with sex problems. A realist who advocates expurgated texts of classics is a rare phenomenon; but Howells evidently followed the principle of Henry Mills Alden, formerly editor of *Harper's Magazine,* that a book should contain nothing that cannot be read aloud in the family circle. And Mr. Cooke puts his finger on the central weakness of Howells as a novelist when he says: "The stupidity of his lovers, which makes it all but impossible for them to know that they are in love, is owing to no lack of passion on their part, but to an uncontrollable aversion on the part of their author to the notion of love at first sight. He is excessive in his eagerness to demolish the superstition that young women find great joy in the interval before marriage." Howells had, he remarks, "an instinct for verifiability"; but

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as a verifiabilitarian he is only partly convincing because of his principles of selection and exclusion. The iconoclastic masculinity of Mark Twain and Walt Whitman are alike foreign to him. One cannot imagine William Dean Howells saying:

"I dote on myself, there is that lot of me, and all so luscious;
Each moment and whatever happens thrills me with joy."

He does not "pick out some low person for his dearest friend" nor exclaim with Whitmanian ardor, "Give me the drench of my passions, give me life coarse and rank." He would probably have shuddered at Mr. Hergesheimer's "Cytherea" as he did at the French realists. He was himself a realist for the family circle.

His many virtues are admirably revealed by Mr. Cooke—his unfailingly excellent dialogue, his humor, the ease and rhythm of his unobtrusive style, his glorification of democracy, his profound interest in character. His novels "constitute the only large and significant body of fiction inspired by the spirit of American democracy." Sometimes his sympathy even led him to champion romantic writers "if they were sufficiently despised and rejected." But he approached Balzac and Thackeray "with distended and quivering nostrils, sniffing the air for the first scent of the 'romanticistic,' a very watch-dog of realism."

Mr. Cooke has made Howells a strikingly human figure. The book will be read with many nods of assent; and it will be closed, if I mistake not, with a feeling of satisfaction. For the critic has shown this notable American in his habit as he lived, a man too human to embrace the whole creed of realism, too conservative to run naked through St. James's Park. If, as Mr. Cooke put it, he closed his Thackeray and opened his Tolstoi, he opened certain other realists only to condemn them. He stood hesitant where brook and river meet.

HARRY T. BAKER

An American Critic

Americans. By Stuart P. Sherman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

STUART P. SHERMAN is distinguished among American critics by his probity, his wit, and the amenity of his humanism. Mr. Sherman's second characteristic is especially in evidence in the early vistas of "Americans." He apparently was born with a happy faculty for attending closely to gossip, and for cataloging nicely all that he learns about human nature from what he hears and reads. This talent, trimmed and groomed, and purged of all superfluous kindliness, he has expended generously to give point and edge to the irony by which he has routed so many of his antipathies, living and dead. Among the victims none has offered more sport than H. L. Mencken; so in his present volume Mr. Sherman has laid out prodigally all his accumulated wisdom about human frailty as it were in decapitating Mencken as the false prophet of the new spirit in letters.

As manifestations of this new spirit, Mr. Sherman recognizes a new public, a new literature, and a new criticism. The first consists of the generation he has somewhat condescendingly noticed as "young people." The second is made up of "English paradoxes," "Scandinavian misanthropes," "German egomaniacs," and deranged Russian novelists. The last is exemplified in Mencken, of whose merits, Mr. Sherman assures us, with a sidelong and enigmatic glance, "it is a pleasure to speak." Mr. Sherman rigorously denies himself that pleasure, however, and confines himself wholly to Mencken's *errata*—a field which gives him great scope, one with which he is thoroughly familiar, and one on which he has already performed many valorous deeds. And so, before he proceeds to the interpretation of our life and letters as exemplified in the little group of Americans which he presents, Mr. Sherman pauses, and somewhat absently nails Mencken's hide to his study wall, just above the fireplace and the portrait of Matthew Arnold, between the tanned and disemboweled remains of Theodore Dreiser and Samuel Butler. Just above hangs George Moore's withered integument. A little to one side greens the epidermis of the Germanophile, George Sylvester Viereck.

Mr. Sherman specifies, as exemplified in Mencken's literary criticism and stock of general ideas, the limitations which he sees in the rising generation of young Americans dangerously unaffected, as it seems to him, by their national past. Mr. Sherman finds in them only the slightest acquaintance with American traditions. At the same time they are without the consolation of Nietzsche, innocent of German metaphysics, and less fortunately situated than Mr. Mencken with reference to Rauenthaler 1903.

Mr. Sherman offers, in a collection of interpretative essays on Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, Joaquin Miller, Carnegie, Roosevelt, Carl Sandburg, and the Adams family, to show them the channels which our national heritage has washed in coming to us. He reiterates, elaborates, urges eloquently his conviction that tradition is a school of crafts, of mood and manners, of spiritual poise and serenity. He offers Franklin as a liberalizing influence in our life today; Emerson as the prototype of the "radical conservative"; Hawthorne the Puritan critic of Puritanism; Whitman the humanist and epic democrat; Roosevelt a monument to the passing of the imperialistic era in our national psychology; finally Mr. P. E. More, presented, significantly enough, as a warning, a literary tory who fails to give literature the "vital reference" which immortality exacts of it.

Mr. Sherman pauses at frequent intervals to shake his head sadly over the errors into which the young cosmopolites have fallen. It is a brooding posture, sometimes almost tender, more often slightly patronizing, and one which he enjoys immensely. Yet there is traceable in his sadness a kind of quiet joy. He is glad, since they had to go wrong, that they have gone so completely wrong. In leaving behind them—as he reminds gently—urbanity, serenity, their national literary heritage, the feeling for form, and all common sense, they have at least accomplished one good thing. They have created for Mr. Sherman his opportunity. Now he becomes something of a meliorist. Apparently determined to harmonize the classics with the *jeune fille* whose trim ankles he admires so circumspectly while deploring her spiritual poverty, Mr. Sherman sets himself her preceptor. He informs the potential motherhood of the race that "literary birth without gestation" is impracticable, and inculcates the "radicalism," as he defines it, which will give her mind blitheness and amenity, liberalize her spirit, and make of her, inside as well as out, a "beautiful soul."

As the years of his ripeness draw on, Mr. Sherman is being recognized for what he is—a liberal, with multiplied distinctions. He cannot twang the iron string to whose rude music Mencken ever carols—"vivace, da capo al fine"—the genius of the age. Yet he quotes approvingly Emerson's exuberant cry: "Let us be crowned with roses, let us drink wine, and break up the tiresome old roof of heaven into new forms." This is scarcely a sentiment appropriate to—say the editorial page of the New York *Times*. Mr. Sherman believes, furthermore, that Whitman is a great poet, and he has saluted the significance and justice of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's antipathies.

"Americans" will go far to discredit the supposed alliance with Irving Babbitt and Mr. More. I fancy Professor Babbitt shaking his white mane in angry protest when Mr. Sherman tells him that the average man has "along with healthy self-interest, petty vices, and envy enough to keep him stirring—courage, fortitude, sobriety, kindness, honesty, and sound practical intelligence." These are the sentiments, as Mr. More might say, of a "vile Whig." But Mr. Sherman has not yet reached the final degradation of whiggery. I think him of an uncertain mind; for the present between Newgate and Tyburn. He still banns by bell, book, and candle all the zoological novelists, the pale imagist poets, the vers librists, the uncritical democrats, the unquiet and impudent "young people" who make up the literary proletariat. He has lost none of his old zest to pink an adversary. He still succumbs to the temptation

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to make palpable hits, not always on the side of justice and the probable verdict of posterity. But he believes that he pleases the souls he ought to please, and he is prepared to declare with Sir Thomas Browne—and write another book in support of his declaration—"where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more Paradoxical than myself."

GERALD HEWES CARSON

Margot Again

Margot Asquith: An Autobiography. Vols. III and IV. George H. Doran Company. Set $7.50.

MRS. ASQUITH may not be an effective lecturer, but she would have made a first-rate journalist. What a descriptive reporter she would have been! Nothing could be more graphic than her "stories" of her first visit to Windsor Castle, her launching of a Dreadnought, the popular anxiety during King Edward's fatal illness, the midnight scene at No. 10 Downing Street at the outbreak of the war—when she saw Winston Churchill "with a happy face striding towards the double doors of the Cabinet room"—the arrival of the news of Raymond Asquith's death, and the receipt of the first returns of the "coupon" election during the Wilson lunch at the Mansion House.

No one, again, who has once read this book can ever forget Mrs. Asquith's picture of Cecil Rhodes sitting in Balfour's house "like a great bronze gong" with a circle of fashionable ladies crouching at his feet. In depicting with a few bold strokes the salient features of prominent characters—Milner, Campbell-Bannerman, Morley, Joseph Chamberlain, the Master of Elibank, Kitchener—she has few superiors among professional writers. Frequently, too, she lets fall, quite by the way, remarks that show an exceptionally acute observation, not to say penetrating insight. Thus: "I have come to the conclusion that the imagination that can work out and foresee the definite results of any policy proposed is rarer than the imagination that creates nymphs, moons, or passions." "Belief in Force is what will always differentiate the Unionist Party from ours." "Rich men's houses are seldom beautiful, rarely comfortable, and never original. It is a constant surprise to people of moderate means to observe how little a big fortune contributes to Beauty."

The first of these two concluding volumes of Mrs. Asquith's memoirs is occupied mainly with political events from the Jameson Raid to the Lords' Veto controversy. The second covers the period of the war. As to the war, Mrs. Asquith does not allow the remotest possibility of any reasonable objection to England's entry into it, or of any reasonable criticism of the Asquith Government's conduct of it. In an epilogue, however, she laments the demoralization the war has caused in both public and private life. In neither volume does she supply much new material for the historian. Indeed, she takes up far too much space with the reproduction of speeches and public documents that are easily accessible elsewhere. But she tells us that Sir Edward Grey's appointment to the Foreign Office was the result of pressure exercised by her husband, she takes us behind the scenes of the Lords' Veto controversy, she gives us the text of Lord Morley's letter of resignation, she casts some fresh light upon the intrigues that led to her husband's deposition, and she records Lloyd George's characteristic reception of his predecessor's offer to go to the Versailles Conference.

"Les chiens aboyent, la caravane passe." Mrs. Asquith introduces the final instalment of her autobiography with this aptly chosen motto. She takes a side-hit at her former critics when she speaks of people who mistake vitality for frivolity. These new volumes are not likely to escape the censure of those who so severely condemned the earlier part. For she is evidently the same Margot. She still has no hesitation in revealing to the world the intimate details of her family life. Her stories of the infant Anthony must surely be somewhat embarrassing to the young man who is today a Balliol undergraduate. We may thank her, however, for letting us know that, in August, 1914, her husband used to read Dickens in order to remove his thoughts, if only for a short time, from colleagues and Allies.

It was felt by many readers of the earlier volumes that the publication of this autobiography did no service to the reputation of Mr. Asquith. That opinion will be confirmed by a perusal of this second part. Whatever his wife says about him will be discounted by the rapt and adoring attitude she displays toward him throughout. And her splenetic references to Lloyd George—of whom not a single mention was made in the previous volumes—leave an unpleasant taste in the mouth. They read too much like the shrill outbursts of an angry woman whose pride has been offended. There is a pettiness in her frequent use of the symbol X to denote him when the context makes it quite clear whom she means. One may share to the full her disbelief in the late Premier and yet find the tone of her allusions to him regrettable.

There are not many oversights in the printing. But "Court pests" in the Windsor story ought surely to be "Court pets," and a cartoon of Linley Sambourne's from *Punch* is wrongly attributed to the *Westminster Gazette.*

HERBERT W. HORWILL

The Problem of the Jew

Zionism and World Politics. By Horace M. Kallen. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.50.

"ZIONISM and World Politics" is the definitive work on Zionism, but it is also much more. As its title inadequately suggests, the book is a study of the Jewish question in its universal setting and a disclosure of the relationship between the Jewish problem and international politics. And Mr. Kallen does not touch a subject without illuminating it; when Roman imperialism, Napoleon's policies, or the San Remo Conference enter within the compass of his theme, they come defined and evaluated. In fact, were I forced to name the most remarkable quality of a work replete with striking features, I should choose this ability to sum up the characteristics and reveal the significance of historical phenomena.

"Zionism is simply today's phase of the unyielding effort of the Jewish people to make good the Promise of the Promised Land," writes Dr. Kallen, and, obviously, the subject demands encyclopedic scholarship and esemplastic vision, a rigorous aloofness from wrangling cliques and yet an intimate knowledge of high councils. Just as obviously, no American Jew—with the possible exception of Justice Brandeis—was better fitted for the task of historian than this philosopher and scholar who is one of the leaders in the American Zionist movement.

In view of recent events in America the chapters which deal with the question of Jewish assimilation to other nationalities are of particular significance. Almost paradoxically Dr. Kallen argues that once given Palestine the Jew can identify himself with every country which will receive him. For a homeland liberates the Jew "because it supplies him with a fixed and unmistakable center of reference with regard to which he may at last say, beyond cavil or question, 'I am part and parcel of that,' or 'I am not part and parcel of that'; it gives him an equal status with the Frenchman or Englishman or Belgian or Serbian or Italian in this respect. The establishment by public law of the ancient home of the Jewish people as their actual center of life and labor cannot fail to work the same effect upon the Jewish position. Enabling the assimilator freely at last to assimilate, it at the same time enables the Jew who wishes to realize all the potentialities of his life as a Jew to find himself in an integrated, organic, free Jewish society, where he may fulfil himself Jewishly without let or hindrance, where he may be completely a Jew without being penalized for his preference, where being a Jew shall no longer be identical with possessing the perverse and psychopathic traits of a persecuted people."

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In brief, a Jew who leaves his people today is deserting a losing side in battle; he is committing moral suicide to attain civil freedom or social equality. But when the perpetuation of the Jewish race and of its cultural tradition is definitely assured, the Jew who chooses to associate himself with another nation is simply exercising his freedom as a thinking individual. Zionism and Americanization go hand in hand.

Such conclusions are not popular with the Jew and the American who refuse to face the issue. By the same token, the book is not likely to enjoy the favor of the emotional Zionist, the bigoted Gentile, and the complacent conservative. To please gentry of this ilk Dr. Kallen should have been less quick to prick the bubble of sentiment, less insistent on embarrassing truths, less ready to judge action in terms of ultimate value.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Drama

Myth and High Romance

THE outburst of theatric activity that marked the end of the year was a little mad. On a given evening there were no less than eight premières in New York. As one gradually succeeded in looking at these various offerings it became clear that their general level of excellence was noticeably higher than in former years. There was nothing quite debased and absurd. There were only two plays that had anything like artistic or intellectual distinction. These were "The Tidings Brought to Mary," produced by the Theater Guild at the Garrick, and "Will Shakespeare," produced by Mr. Winthrop Ames at the National Theater.

A wit remarked at the dress rehearsal of "The Tidings Brought to Mary" that, about ten years ago, Paul Claudel thought he heard the voice of God and had written nothing but rubbish ever since. You may consider my friend a very unfeeling rationalist. His is, at least, one way of stating the case. The French Neo-Catholics do, assuredly, stop at nothing. They want "good, thick, stupifying incense smoke." They want a king; they call the age of science and reason "the stupid century." Pasteur was a great fool and a great sinner, Jaurès was a greater. M. Léon Daudet is among the major prophets and M. Paul Claudel among the minor. His dramas are written in long, loose, rhythmically unorganized lines; they are intolerably wordy with a minimum of intelligible meaning to a maximum use of a gorgeous but vague vocabulary. There was a time when the admirable saying "what is not clear is not French" was heeded. That time is gone. The directors of the Guild pared "L'Annonce Faite à Marie" to the quick. It still drags. For it is a mystery play without spiritual simplicity, without the freedom and ardor of the ages of faith. It is tormented, obscure, sickly. The intention is palpable, the gestures both grandiose and crippled, the effectiveness nil.

The Guild's production is a thing of clear, high beauty and splendor. There is no curtain; there is a single scene of architectural character and solidity. This scene projects against a background shimmering with eternity. The figures of the players, draped in marvelously designed medieval costumes, move about in this scene, on these steps, with a blending of naturalness and sculptural plasticity that cannot be praised too highly. The pictures are like the most precious stained glass of the best period. But all these efforts of Lee Simonson and Theodore Komisarjevsky cannot save the performance from plain dulness in the end.

Miss Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare" is a work of an altogether different caliber. The author of "Legend" cannot avoid cheap theatricality. But neither can she disguise the touch of genius that is hers. Yes, genius. The fourth act, turned by Mr. Ames into a sixth scene, is dramaturgically and historically absurd. But that supposed interview between Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare is an extraordinarily noble and moving descant or dramatic ode on the supreme loneliness of the high creative spirit, the necessary poverty of the great givers, the eternal crucifixion of the leaders of mankind.

> "For that high way
> Is flowerless, and thin the mountain air
> And rends the lungs that breathe it; and the light
> Spreading from hill to everlasting hill
> Is not much nearer, no, nor half as warm
> As the kissing sun of the valleys . . .
> The envy in men's voices—if they knew
> The beggar that they envied—all this shall stab
> Stab, stab, and stab again."

Miss Dane's specific "invention" of a romance in Shakespeare's life is rather absurd and sacrifices its own dramatic effectiveness to a false and superficial symmetry of pattern. But again and again the details—especially in the exhaustive mastery of female psychology—are brilliant and beautiful and, in a high sense, poetic.

The production is thoroughly worthy of the play. It is, indeed, of a far more even perfection. The scenes by Norman-Bel Geddes are superb. Perhaps he should not so constantly strive after visionary loftiness as his final effect. It may easily become a mannerism. It has not done so yet. From a good deal of agreeable and adequate acting three first-rate performances stand out. Miss Winifred Lenihan, as Anne Hathaway, strips bare the tragic woman's soul before us; Miss Katherine Cornell, as Mary Fitton, has a wild, natural, never unrestrained eloquence of speech, rhythm, gesture; Miss Haidee Wright, as Queen Elizabeth, is all—in somber brilliancy, inner weariness coupled with tireless effort, incisiveness, power, vision—that such a woman, in such a position, should have been, whether she was or not.

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By IBSEN Music by GRIEG
GARRICK THEATRE
65 West 35th St.

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International Relations Section

Russian-Turkish Relations

DURING the recent Near Eastern negotiations the press of all countries has reflected its general ignorance of the exact treaty relations existing between Russia and Turkey. We are therefore printing a translation of the treaty, as published in the Moscow *Izvestia,* signed by the Russian and Turkish governments at Moscow on March 16, 1921.

The Government of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic and the Government of the Great National Assembly of Turkey, sharing the principles of brotherhood of nations and of the right of peoples to self-determination, noting the solidarity existing between them in the struggle against imperialism as well as the fact that the difficulties created for one of these nations is impairing the position of the other, and inspired by a desire to establish between them lasting cordial relations and a strong, sincere friendship based on the mutual interests of both nations, decided to conclude a treaty of friendship and brotherhood and appointed for this purpose as their plenipotentiaries:

From the Government of the RSFSR: George Vassilievich Chicherin, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs and member of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, and Jilal-Eddin Korkmassov, member of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee; from the Government of the Great National Assembly of Turkey: Yussuf Kemal-Bey, People's Commissar for Public Economy of the Great National Assembly of Turkey, deputy from Kasctamoni in the same Assembly, Dr. Riza Nur-Bey, People's Commissar for Public Education of the Great National Assembly of Turkey, deputy from Sinop in the same Assembly, and Ali Fuad Pasha, extraordinary and plenipotentiary ambassador of the Great National Assembly of Turkey, deputy from Angora to the said Assembly. These representatives, after exchanging credentials which were found to be in the proper and legal form, have agreed to the following:

Clause I

Each of the contracting parties agrees to recognize no peace treaties or other international conventions imposed by force upon the other contracting party. The Government of RSFSR agrees not to recognize any international conventions bearing on Turkey and not recognized by its National Government, at present represented by its Great National Assembly. By "Turkey" in the present treaty are understood the territories included in the national pact of January 28, 1920, drawn up and proclaimed by the Ottoman Chamber of Deputies in Constantinople, and communicated to the press and all the Powers.

The northeastern border of Turkey is defined by the line which, starting at the village Sarp, situated on the Black Sea, extends through the mountain Hedis-Mta, the line of the divide of mountain Shavshet Kanny-Dag, and runs then along the administrative border between the Ardan and Kars sanjaks along the rivers Arna-Chay and Araks to the mouth of the Lower Kara-Su (a detailed description of the border and the questions pertaining to it are given in supplement I, under A and B, and in the annexed map signed by both contracting parties).

Clause II

Turkey agrees to recognize the sovereignty of Georgia over the port and city of Batum and the territory situated to the north of the line defined in Clause I of this treaty and comprising a part of the Batum province, on condition, that (1) the population of the territories mentioned in this clause of the treaty shall enjoy a broad local autonomy in respect of administration, guaranteeing each community its cultural and religious rights, and that the population shall be allowed to fix the land laws according to its own wishes; (2) Turkey shall have free transit of all goods sent to Turkey or from Turkey through the port of Batum, exempted from duty and guaranteed against delays, and Turkey shall have the right to use the port of Batum without having to pay any special duties for this privilege.

Clause III

Both contracting parties agree that the province of Nakhichevan, within the borders defined in supplement I (B) to this treaty, will form an autonomous territory under the protectorate of Azerbaijan, under condition that Azerbaijan will not transfer this protectorate to any third state.

In the zone of the Nakhichevan province forming the triangle confined between the valley of the Araks River and the line of Mount Dagna-Veli Dag-Bagarzik-Kemurlu Dag, the border line of the mentioned territory beginning at Kemurlu Dag, extending through Mount Seray Bulak-station Ararat, and ending at the crossing of Kara-Su and the Araks shall be corrected by a commission composed of delegates of Turkey, Azerbaijan, and Armenia.

Clause IV

Each of the contracting parties, taking into account the harmony between the movement for national emancipation of the peoples of the East and the struggle of the Russian workers for a new social order, solemnly recognizes the right of these peoples to freedom and independence, and equally their right to select a form of government acceptable to themselves.

Clause V

In order to guarantee the freedom of the Straits and of the commercial traffic through them of all countries, each of the contracting parties agrees to intrust the final elaboration of international regulations governing the Black Sea and the Straits to a special conference of the adjacent states, provided always its decisions do not infringe the full sovereignty of Turkey, or the security of Turkey or its capital, Constantinople.

Clause VI

Both the contracting parties recognize that all treaties previously concluded between them have failed to correspond with their mutual interests. They therefore agree to consider those treaties null and void. The Government of the RSFSR declares in particular that it considers Turkey free from all financial or other obligations founded on treaties concluded between Turkey and the former Imperial Government.

Clause VII

The Government of the RSFSR, considering the system of capitulations to be incompatible with the full enjoyment of its sovereignty by any nation, declares null and void all rights and privileges which have any connection whatsoever with that system.

Clause VIII

Each of the contracting parties agrees not to allow the formation or the presence on its territory of organizations or groups pretending to the role of government of the other contracting party or of part of its territory, as well as the presence of groups the aim of which is to wage a struggle against the other state. Russia and Turkey are assuming a similar obligation in relation to the soviet republics of the Caucasus under condition of mutuality.

Under Turkish territory, mentioned in this clause, is meant the territory which is under the direct military and civil management of the Government of the Great National Assembly of Turkey.

Clause IX

In order to insure unbroken intercourse between the two countries, both contracting parties are obliged to adopt all

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necessary measures to preserve and develop the railway, telegraph, and other facilities of communication, as well as to insure the free passage of men and goods between the two countries without any delays.

However, it is conceded that, in respect to passage, coming and leaving, both of travelers and goods, the rules existing in each country will be fully applied.

CLAUSE X

Citizens of each of the contracting parties living on the territory of the other party are subject to all rights and obligations springing from the laws of the country in which they reside, except the duties of national defense from which they shall be exempted.

Questions concerning family rights, rights of inheritance, and liability of citizens of both parties are also excluded from the provisions of this clause. They will be settled in a special agreement.

CLAUSE XI

Both contracting parties agree to apply the principle of favoring the citizens of each of the contracting parties on the territory of the other party.

This article does not apply to citizens of soviet republics allied with Russia nor to citizens of the Moslem countries allied with Turkey.

CLAUSE XII

Residents of territories which up to 1918 belonged to Russia and which, by the terms of this treaty, are recognized by the Government of the RSFSR as being under the sovereignty of Turkey, have the right to leave Turkey freely and take with them their belongings and property or the value of same. The same right is extended to the residents of the territory of Batum, the sovereignty over which Turkey by the terms of this treaty cedes to Georgia.

CLAUSE XIII

Russia agrees to repatriate all the Turkish war and civil prisoners who are at present in Russia. The prisoners shall be brought at the expense of Russia to the northeastern line of Turkey in the course of three months for European Russia and the Caucasus, and in the course of six months for Asiatic Russia.

The details of this repatriation will be defined in a special convention which will be worked out immediately after the signing of this treaty.

CLAUSE XIV

Both contracting parties agree to conclude in the near future a consular convention as well as agreements regulating all economic, financial, and other questions indispensable for the establishment of friendly relations as pointed out in the preamble to the present treaty.

CLAUSE XV

In the treaties which Turkey will conclude with the Transcaucasian republics Russia shall insist that the clauses of this treaty directly concerning these republics shall be recognized by them.

CLAUSE XVI

The exchange of ratifications of the present treaty shall take place at Kars in the nearest possible future. With the exception of Clause XIII, the treaty shall take effect immediately after the exchange of ratifications.

Done in two copies at Moscow on March 16, 1921.

(Signed) GEORGE CHICHERIN
YUSSUF KEMAL
JILAL KORKMASSOV
DR. RIZA NUR
ALI FUAD

Sanity Out of Italy

AN original manuscript has reached us written by the hand of Filippo Turati, moderate Socialist leader and member of the Italian Parliament, which expresses the hope and belief of the liberal elements in Italy in the face of the Fascist dictatorship and, in its outspoken denunciation of the present rulers of Italy, indicates that opposition is neither dead nor silenced. The article was secured by Dr. Angelo Corsi, Italian Deputy, and the translation printed below was made by his nephew, Edward Corsi, educational director of the Haarlem Community House, New York.

"What is your opinion of the Fascist rise to power?"

It is its necessary attenuation and the beginning of its end. Fascism is a political, economic, and demographic phenomenon, typically post-bellic. It would gradually and undoubtedly have vanished with the evaporation of the spirit of violence which overflowed from the trenches and infected, by mimetism, our patrioteers, sportive youngsters, and even school children. It would have vanished with the decline of the industrial crisis, with the reabsorption of the unemployed, with the renewing of the energies—now spent—of labor and its organizations. To these I may also add the bursting of the Asiatic Communist bubble and the return to sanity of the bolshevist forces. I add these (also products of the war which were gradually righting themselves) because they were employed by Fascism as pretexts to attract the ingenuous patriotic idealists on one hand and those most vitally interested in economic reaction on the other. The latter could hardly have hoped that a party would come into existence to lend color of decency and honor to their unmentionable cupidities. It was this discovery which led, among other things, to the psychological epidemic indirectly responsible for the Fascist triumph.

But in coming to power Fascism is compelled to deal with reality, to betray all its promises, to alienate conflicting interests which it boastingly promised (never having a definite program) to represent and harmonize. With the responsibility of government in its hands it is compelled to abandon its seductive methods and to demobilize and dominate the rebels who for one reason or another have come under its black flag. Here it may be said that not even in Italy "tout finit par des chansons." With the government and the nation in its grip Fascism will dissipate the miraculous illusions it has created among its followers and its many innocent admirers. It will thus denude itself and denuded, Fascism is dead *par définition*, unless we are to believe that the democratic conquests made after a century of struggle and sacrifice—something I cannot believe—have been but a dream and a fiction, or that civilization itself is ready to pass from history.

"Will political and syndicalist liberty be restored?"

As I stated in my recent address in the Chamber* I firmly believe that political and syndicalist liberty is an absolute necessity in the modern scheme of economic development of peoples and of nations, necessary even to that sane capitalism which is yet to be exhausted. For this reason, if for no other, it must be restored and increased as soon as possible. I do not know, nor can I say, how soon it will be restored under the circumstances, but when it is restored, in spite of the blows it has received or because of these blows, it will be greater and more durable.

"Do you believe probable a break-up of the Fascisti forces?"

Most probable, not to say certain. The "ce qu'on ne voit pas" of Fascism—that which emerges from facts and not from words—is its vassalage to the plutocracy (not to be confused with the same bourgeoisie of which it is the degeneration and

* Turati refers to his address of November 17 in the Chamber of Deputies, The Fascisti Bivouac in the Chamber, in which, as leader of the opposition, he charged Mussolini with destroying the liberties of the Italian people and creating a dictatorship by force.

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The HOUND and the RABBIT or 42 to 1977

By P. T. FOURS

IT'S ALL in the point of view. The hound has a wonderful time catching the rabbit but how about the rabbit? Everyone in the B. & L. office chortles with glee because for the first half of 1923 there are twice as many good books on the list as ever before—books that simply demanded publication. But how about the manuscripts that were rejected? Isn't it pretty sad to reflect that for 42 which are being turned into printed books no less than 1977 (this is an exact figure) were denied immediate judgment by a larger and probably as competent a body of critics? But we are prouder of this 42 than of any other list, considered as a whole, that we've yet stood sponsor for. Fourteen novels and not one, this season, that an intelligent person would hesitate to give to someone on whom he wished to make a favorable impression .... **Gertrude Atherton's Black Oxen,** to our mind, is by far the finest work she's ever done and we venture to predict that it will have the season's largest sale of really good novels. **Anzia Yezierska's Salome of the Tenements** has already been very well received and in two weeks has exceeded the total sale of her fine book, Hungry Hearts. **Warner Fabian's Flaming Youth** will also appear this month. The book is even more interesting than the attempts that are already being made to discover who this Fabian really is. The mere announcement of **Mystery at Geneva** by **Rose Macaulay,** the most brilliant satirist in England, author of Potterism and Dangerous Ages, is sufficient .... In February comes **Poor Pinney,** a first novel by **Marian Chapman,** which strikes us as the finest thing of its kind since Wells' Kipps. For **The Holy Tree** by **Gerald O'Donovan,** author of Vocations, we predict the same kind of success that greets all such lyrical epics as Marie Chapdelaine, or Aucassin and Nicollette, be their milieu what they may, And **Robert Simon's "Our Little Girl,"** which the author insists is his first novel that is not autobiographical. And **The House of Yost** by **Georg Schock,** compared by William Dean Howells to Hardy, and, to our mind, a novel Hamsun would have been proud to write. Also in February come **The Road to Calvary** by **Alexey Tolstoy,** the only novel of consequence that has come out of Russia since the revolution, and **Demian** by **Herman Hesse,** one of the three greatest living German novelists. And we've discovered the almost impossible combination in **Whose Body** by **Dorothy Sayers,**—a good detective story, all of whose characters are human beings instead of stuffed shirts and shirtwaists .... In March we republish from the original plates, **The "Genius,"** considered by many **Theodore Dreiser's** masterpiece, with an introduction by Lawrence Gilman, together with interesting data and comments on the pseudo-suppression of The "Genius," several years ago. Also for March is **Jessup** by **Newton Fuessle,** author of Gold Shod and The Flail. Mr. Fuessle is recognized by Hugh Walpole, Burton Rascoe, and many others as one of America's greatest realists, so it is fitting that his new novel should appear at the same time as The "Genius" .... What need we say about **Murdo** by **Konrad Bercovici** except that it is even better, straight through, than Ghitza or the many other fine stories that make Bercovici the most triple starred author that Edward J. O'Brien ever knighted .... **Edna St. Vincent Millay** is now on her way back from Europe with the manuscript of **Hardigut.** This first novel by America's greatest lyric poet makes April hard to wait for. And in the same month we publish **George F. Hummel's** first novel **After All.** It is about marriage and divorce and seems destined to cause as much discussion as Brass and Cytherea.

The make-up man says there are only 442 words left in which to say something about our 28 non-fiction books. So brief mention of their authors and titles is all that can be made. **The Eternal Masquerade** by **H. Dennis Bradley** which tells about styles in dress from the caveman to the cake-eater, appears this month, and **John Macy's The Story of the World's Literature,** profusely illustrated by **Onorio Ruotolo** appears in May. This is our non-fiction pet until **Hendrik Van Loon's The Story of the Bible** comes out in August, and **Gilbert Cannan's** amazingly colorful book on **King Edward VII** appears in September. Macy's book will surely do for literature what **The Story of Mankind** is doing for history .... Between these dates will come out our 6-volume edition (with Heinemann of London) of **Georg Brandes'** epoch-making work, **Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature** "undoubtedly the most important work of literary history and criticism of the nineteenth century;" **These United States,** so important a volume that we urge readers of this page to write to us immediately for a special brochure about it; **Wilfred Lay's A Plea for Monogamy,** a most sensational and at the same time the sanest sex book ever written by a psychoanalyst; **Gelett Burgess' Have You An Educated Heart,** a worthy successor to his Are You a Bromide?; **A Short History of the International Language Movement** by **Albert Leon Guerard; Waldo Frank: A Study** by **Gorham B. Munson; On Making and Collecting Etchings** by **E. Hesketh Hubbard,** a beautifully illustrated book; **Teodoro the Sage** translated from the Italian of **Luigi Lucatelli** by **Morris Bishop,** a book about which Christopher Morley is enthusiastic; **Helen Jerome's** answer to H. L. Mencken's In Defense of Women, which she calls **The Secret of Woman;** a real bombshell in the anonymous **Autobiography of a Bootlegger; John J. McGraw's** most unusual **My Thirty Years in Baseball; Francis Hackett's The Golden Calf** and **Edward L. Bernays' In the Court of Public Opinion** announced for last fall; **George Langford's Stories of the First American Animals,** the best since Kipling's Jungle Books. Then there are volumes of plays by **O'Neill, Wedekind, Zoë Aikins** and **Artzybasheff**—(we have just published **Rain**). And poetry by **Jeanne Robert Foster, L. A. G. Strong, Sacheverell Sitwell** and **Paul Geraldy's** famous, **You and Me** (Toi et Moi) which has sold over 50,000 copies in France.

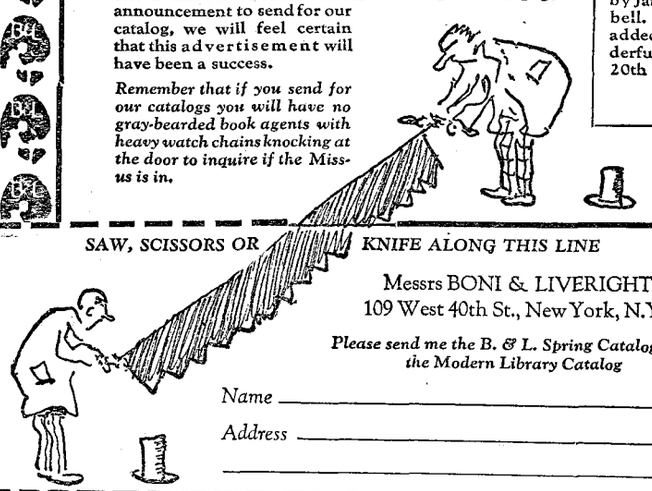
The allotted space is filled but we can't help thinking about those 1977 manuscripts, wondering how many mistakes we may have made, how many unwise judgments we may have passed. Still we're proud of the 42.

WE HAVE taken this page in *The Nation* not with the idea of making sales on these books (most of them have not yet been published) but to tell you what we are going to bring out. Send not only for our catalog, which will tell you in detail all about the books on this page in which you are particularly interested, but send also for the forty-page illustrated Modern Library catalog.

The Nation has considerably over 100,000 readers. If one out of ten is interested enough in this page announcement to send for our catalog, we will feel certain that this advertisement will have been a success.

Remember that if you send for our catalogs you will have no gray-bearded book agents with heavy watch chains knocking at the door to inquire if the Missus is in.

The January addition to the *Modern Library* is *At the Sign of the Reine Pedauque* by *Anatole France,* with an introduction by James Branch Cabell. A new book is added to this wonderful series on the 20th of each month.



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bitterest enemy). To win over the masses and to utilize great numbers, Fascism was compelled to masquerade in the garb of syndicalism, aping to a great extent, with changed purpose, of course, socialism and its class appeal. Failing to capture the existing labor organizations it created labor unions of its own. Now between labor syndicalism and plutocracy the abyss is unbridgeable. The separation, and even the struggle, is inevitable so long as the former remains conscious of itself.

"Should the present violence and restriction of liberty continue would a democratic bloc be possible? What forces would sustain it?"

I cannot believe that the present state of affairs can continue for long. Certainly we cannot remain in this state of intoxication. But if such should be the case it would be out of the question to depend on the present cold, bankrupt, and guilty "democratic" groups officially organized in Italy, especially in Parliament. But there is a democracy throughout the land above parties which would rally to the defense of liberty. Italy needs—and I said this in the Chamber—a League for Liberty. This League would replace the present "democratic" forces. It would become powerful in Italy, and the longer Fascism remained in power the stronger would this league grow in numbers and in influence. To such a league would rally not only the Socialists but especially the evolutionists whose faith in liberty is unquestioned, all the sincere democrats, a part of the Catholic Party, which is now rent in two by warring factions, and all those liberals and conservatives who have not abandoned the sane Cavourian tradition of the Risorgimento.

An Admonitory Note

AT the termination of the activities of the Allied railway missions in Siberia, the American Legation at Peking addressed the following note to the Chinese Foreign Minister expressing the position of the United States Government in regard to the future of the Chinese Eastern Railway:

I have the honor to inform Your Excellency, by direction of my Government, that, in view of the final withdrawal from the Siberian mainland of Allied troops, the representatives of the United States on the Inter-Allied Committee at Vladivostok and the Technical Board at Harbin have been instructed to proceed, in concert with their colleagues on these bodies, to the winding up of the affairs of each organization and the termination today of further activity. In conveying this information to the Government of China, I am directed to say that the United States confirms the resolution with respect to the Chinese Eastern Railway adopted by the nine Powers at the Washington Conference and the further resolution on the same subject adopted by the Powers other than China. The first resolution reads: "Resolved, that the preservation of the Chinese Eastern Railway for those in interest requires that better protection be given to the railway and the persons engaged in its operation and use, a more careful selection of personnel to secure efficiency of service, and a more economical use of funds to prevent waste of the property, and that the subject should immediately be dealt with through the proper diplomatic channels." The second resolution reads: "The Powers other than China, in agreeing to the resolution regarding the Chinese Eastern Railway, reserve the right to insist hereafter upon the responsibility of China for performance or non-performance of the obligations toward the foreign stockholders, bondholders, and creditors of the Chinese Eastern Railway Company which the Powers deem to result from the action of China thereunder and the obligations which they deem to be in the nature of a trust resulting from the exercise of power by the Chinese Government over the possession and administration of the railway."

[With special reference to the second resolution, the United States reserves to itself all rights including those with respect to advances in money and material which have been made by it in aid of the Chinese Eastern Railway, either directly or through the medium of the Inter-Allied Committee or the Technical Board.]

The Government of the United States takes this occasion also to reaffirm its concern in the preservation of the Chinese Eastern Railway with a view to its ultimate return to those in interest without the impairing of any existing rights, as well as its continued interest in the efficient operation of the railway and its maintenance as a free avenue of commerce open to the citizens of all countries without favor or discrimination.

Having regard to its concern in these matters and to the important contributions which it has made to the maintenance and operation of the railway during the past four years, both materially and through the services of the distinguished American engineer, Mr. John F. Stevens, and his assistants, the Government of the United States will not fail to continue to observe carefully the administration and operation of the railway and the manner in which the Government of China discharges the obligations which it has assumed.

At the same time the Government of the United States desires to assure the Chinese Government of its friendly interest and good-will and its readiness to assist or cooperate with the Government of China and the other Powers concerned at any time in any practicable way with a view to conserving the railway and assuring its efficient operation in the interest of all concerned.

"The Progressive Party in Borah's State" by Annie Pike Greenwood, a sage-brush farmer's wife, will appear in *The Nation* for January 31.

NAPOLEON III., the last Emperor of the French, passes under a merciless judgment, and the final period of the Empire of France is portrayed with disillusioning realism in

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